The American Weekly
Section of the Boston Sunday Advertiser, Sunday, July 11, 1920
Copyright, 1920, by International Feature Service, Inc   Great Britain Rights Reserved.

My Secrets of Love

by Elinor Glyn

The Famous Author of
"Three Weeks"
"His Hour"
"Where Love Leads"
Etc.

Illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy

"Study eyes, I beseech you, if you would know truly who they are who surround you. All people who achieve have arresting eyes. No matter the color, or beauty, or absence of beauty—you look at them and they hold you."

No. XXX.—What We Can Find Out from Eyes.

Copyright, 1920, International Feature Service, Inc.

A WEEK or so ago I spoke of hands, and of what they revealed. All that I said then is even more true of the eyes—the mirrors of the soul.

Study eyes, I beseech you, if you would know truly who they are that surround you.

First look at the eyes of people to see whether they say anything to you—or are only like beads or marbles.

All people who achieve have arresting eyes. No matter the color, or beauty, or absence of beauty—you look at them and they hold you.

In the animal world the cat has the most expressive eyes—especially the female cat! Fear, anger, desire, indifference, resentment, contempt, cunning, pleading, superlative innocence, cajolement, content, voluptuousness, ferocity, ecstacy; no qualities except those to do with the soul are unexpressed, and all without aid from lid or lashes!

But many human eyes speak not at all. No power seems to be coming from them—they might be bits of glass.

Have you ever noticed Mr. Lloyd George's eyes? They are perfectly wonderful pools of uncertain color verging on grey-green-brown, with a marvellous internal fire coming from pupils which contract and expand as he talks. The eyes of genius—the eyes of a Celt.

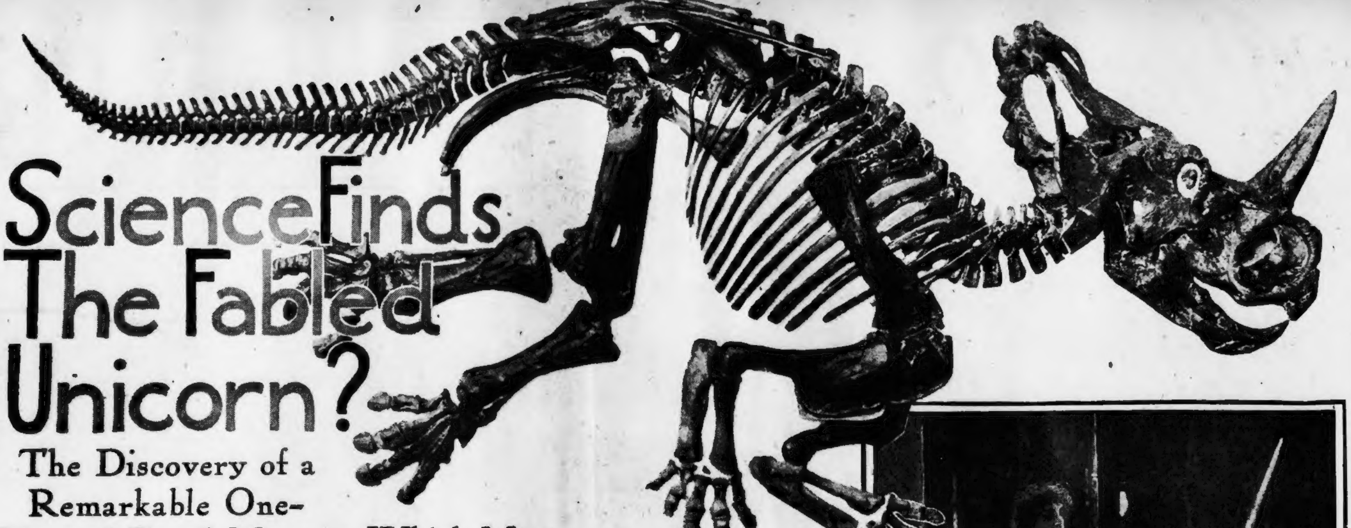
I know a General, a Highlander, who resembles him extraordinarily, and who has this peculiarity of mobile pupils. You would look at either, they being perfect strangers to you, and would never forget their eyes. Is it fascination?

A gamin got into an overloaded tramway coming to Versailles the other day from Paris. He was in rags and very dirty, but all the women made way for him, and I studied him from Sevres to Chaville, where he got down. I have never seen more adorably fascinating eyes. Blanchemains, my elderly and highly unmoral tortoise-shell cat, has them, but no other human being that I know of.

They were greeny gray, and had thick lashes, and they said everything when they looked at you. Near him was a youth with really beautiful blue ones—but they might have been in the head of a Victorian wax doll. Undoubtedly this gamin of thirteen will go far!

Study eyes if you would know.

Science Finds The Fabled Unicorn?

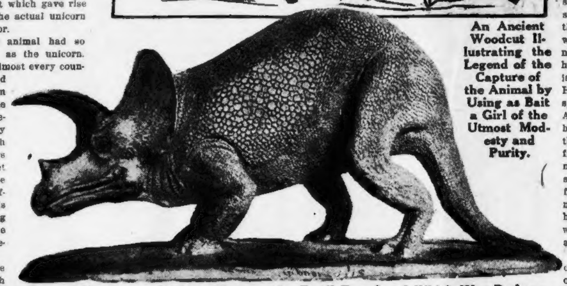


The Fossil Remains of a Horned Dinosaur, Whose Remarkable Similarity to the Description of the Unicorn, and Other Interesting Things About It, Have Made Science Believe That It or a Descendant May Actually Have Been the Fabled Animal.

The Discovery of a Remarkable One-Horned Fossil Monster Which May Be the Actual Ancestor of the Strange Beast of Legend

By Dr. W. H. Ballou.

An Ancient Woodcut Illustrating the Legend of the Capture of the Animal by Using as Bait a Girl of the Utmost Modesty and Purity.



A Crested Dinosaur of the Same Type as the Fossil Found and Which Was Perhaps the Ancestor of That Fossil and Also of the Unicorn.

THROUGH the discovery of the complete skeleton of a most extraordinary single-horned dinosaur of comparatively recent date, science has come seriously to consider that there is after all truth in the widespread legend of the unicorn. The monster just found, it thinks, may be the beast which gave rise to the story, or if not the actual unicorn itself, at least its ancestor.

No supposedly fabled animal had so widespread a popularity as the unicorn. We find legends of it in almost every country of the world. And curiously enough not even the pictures the Chinese have drawn of their peculiar species vary very much from those which the ancient chroniclers and medieval artists set down as portraits of the beast. The only real differences are seen in its legs—one school making them very heavy, the other slender and horse-like.

The outstanding feature of the unicorn upon which all agree was a long horn rising from the top of its nose. In a Bestiary written by a Norman scholar in the thirteenth century the following interesting descriptions is found:

"The unicorn has but one horn in the middle of its forehead. It is the only animal that ventures to attack the elephant; and so sharp is the nail of its foot that with one blow it rips up the belly of that most terrible of all beasts. The hunters can catch the unicorn only by placing a young virgin in the forest which it haunts. No sooner does this marvelous animal descry the damsel than it runs toward her, lies down at her feet and so suffers itself to be taken by the hunters."

Pliny, the Roman naturalist, out of whose account of the unicorn most of the modern unicorns have been described and figured, records it as "a very ferocious beast, similar in the rest of its body to a horse, with the head of a deer, the feet of an elephant, the tail of a boar, a deep bellowing voice and a single black horn, two cubits in length, standing out in the middle of its forehead." He adds that "it cannot be taken alive"; and some such excuse may have been necessary in those days for not producing the living animal upon the arena of the amphitheatre.

The Bible mentions the unicorn no less than eight times, all in the Old Testament. The mentions are as follows:

"God brought them out of Egypt: He hath as it were a strength of an unicorn." (Numbers, Chapters 23, Verse 22.)

"His glory is like the firstling of the bullock and his horns are like the horns of unicorns." (Deuteronomy, Chapter 33, Verse 17.)

"Will the unicorn be willing to serve thee or abide by thy crib?" (Job, Chapter 39, Verse 9.)

"Canst thou bind the unicorn with his band in the furrow? Or will he harrow the valleys after thee?" (Job, Chapter 39, Verse 10.)

"Save me from the lion's mouth, for thou hast heard me from the horns of the unicorns." (Psalms, Chapter 22, Verse 21.)

"He maketh them also to skip like a calf: Lebanon and Sirion like a young unicorn." (Psalms, Chapter 29, Verse 6.)

"But my horn shalt thou exalt like the horn of an unicorn: I shall be anointed with fresh oil." (Psalms, Chapter 92, Verse 10.)

"And the unicorns shall come down with him, and the bullocks with the bulls: and their land shall be soaked with blood and their dust made fat with fatness." (Isaiah, Chapter 34, Verse 7.)

Aelian, another ancient writer on natural history, describes the unicorn as about the size of a horse, reddish yellow in color, excelling in swiftness "through the excellence of its feet and of its whole body."

"Like the elephant," says Aelian, "it has inarticulate feet and it has a boar's tail. One black horn projects between the eyebrows, not inwardly, but with a certain natural twist, and terminating in a sharp point. It has, of all animals, the harshest and the most contentious voice. It is said to be gentle to other beasts approaching it, but to fight with its fellows."

Professor Charles Gould, an eminent English scientist, believes that "a creature whose existence has been affirmed by so many authors, at so many different dates, and from so many different countries, cannot be, as mythologists demand, merely the symbol of a myth. There is a possible solution which does not appear to have struck previous writers on the subject, namely, that the unicorn may be merely a hybrid produced occasionally and at more or less rare intervals. By accepting this view we could explain the extraordinary combinations of character assigned to it, and the discrepancies that exist between the qualities of courage and gentleness ascribed to it by western and Chinese authors. A cross between some equine and cervine species might readily result in a unicorn offspring, and either the courageous qualities of the sire or the gentleness of the dam might preponderate, according to the relations of the species in each of the instances."

The use of the unicorn in heraldry has been made by the oldest royal families, some of the most famous crests bearing it.

The dinosaur which has aroused the interest of science in the unicorn legend was found in northwestern Montana. As many of the fossils discovered in this same region have their counterparts both in Europe and Asia, the location of the find is significant. As may be seen by the photograph of the skeleton, the legs of this monster are unusually massive. Their size conforms to Pliny's description of "the feet of an elephant" and, also, to Aelian's remark that "like the elephant it has inarticulate feet."

There is no doubt about its horn. And now we come to a very curious fact. This creature, despite its ferocious aspect, was herbivorous—that is, it was not a flesh eater, but a grazer like the horse and the cow. This being so, it follows that the monster lacked the ferocious qualities of the carnivore or flesh eater.

Do we find in this the basis of fact which Spencer said lay at the bottom of all legends—that is, the reason for the very extraordinary statement that the unicorn was a gentle beast, irresistibly drawn to maidenhood, which, of course, is presumably a gentle state?

In the fact that this horned dinosaur was herbivorous lies a very real scientific mystery, indeed. How and why did the horn evolve on certain types of animals and not on others? What started the first horn and how was it developed and handed down to posterity?

Men of science, noting the presence of horns on herbivorous animals, only, have assumed that they were evolved for defense. But not all hay eaters are provided with horns. The cow has them, but the horse has not. Hence men of science deduced that speed was given the horse to replace the necessity of horns for defense. Other men of science have not taken much stock in these or any other theories. Why? Because with a number of types of mammals, only the males have horns. Another anomaly is scored with the antelope. Here we have the greatest speeder, also with horns. Andrews drove an automobile sixty miles an hour, but the antelopes kept well in front of him. So speed did not, at least in some instances, replace horns. In fact, there are an enormous number of species of herbivorous mammals which have both horns and terrific speed.

Following the discovery of the remains of this one-horned animal—unicorn, or as it has been scientifically named Brachyceratops — there has been an intensive investigation to trace the origin of horns still further back. This has had peculiar results. Dr. W. D. Matthew, at the American Museum of Natural History, New York, found among the fossil remains collected by an expedition in Texas a skull with two pairs of rugosities for horns, over the prefrontals and nasals.

He named this pre-reptile Tetraceratops, meaning four-limbed horned reptile. This creature existed in the Permo-Carboniferous Age, some 40,000,000 years ago. So far as there are fossils to check up, horns appeared with him before true reptiles were evolved and disappeared with him. No fossils show horns again in earth's history until the remains of an Upper Jurassic carnivorous disosaur, Ceratosaurus nasicornis, were unearthed in Colorado, 15,000,000 years later. Again horns disappeared, to be revived again in the Lower Cretaceous times, several millions of years later, on the nose of Brachyceratops.

In the above we have the anomaly, the mystery. Both Tetraceratops, the pre-reptile and Ceratosaurus, the dinosaur, were carnivores—that is, ate flesh—while the later Crachyceratops and still later descendants of his, and the still later mammals, were all herbivores, or vegetarians!

Naturalists say, "Well, carnivores had powerful cutting teeth and didn't need horns for defense since they had offensive weapons." Even so, the contention is not a scientific reason for the change from carnivores to herbivores, for the origin of the horn or for its remarkable appearances and disappearances. What these investigators have concluded, however, is a matter of much interest.

Osborn remarks: "The herbivorous types of dinosaurs appear in Upper Cretaceous times, and are the aggressively and defensively horned Ceratopsia, in which two or three front horns evolved step by step, with a great bony frill protecting the neck. Such evolution took place stage by stage with the evolution of the predatory mechanism of carnivorous dinosaurs, so that the climax of ceratopsian defense of Triceratops was reached simultaneously with the climax of offense in Tyrannosaurus. This is an example of counteracting evolution of offensive and defensive adaptations, analagous to that we observe to-day in the evolution of lions, tigers and leopards, which counteracts horned cattle, and the antelopes of Africa; and again in the wolves simultaneously with horned bison and deer in our northern hemisphere. It is a case where the struggle for existence is very severe at every stage of development and where advantageous or disadvantageous chromatin predispositions in evolution come constantly under the law of selection."

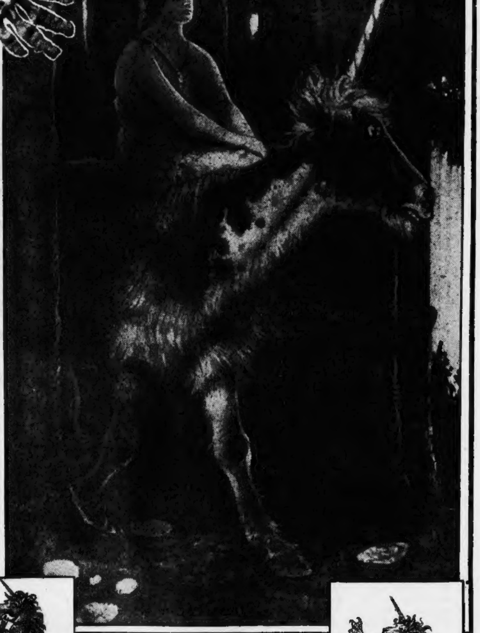
And there is no reason why modified descendants should not have existed in Pleistocene times with early man.

Brachyceratops is regarded as the founder of bony horns as distinguished from sheath horn, which is chemically an extension of the skin in hardened form. This honor is due him, notwithstanding the prior attempts at horn building by the small pelycosaur before the age of true reptiles and the odd appearance of a horned carnivorous dinosaur in the forepart of dinosaurian evolution. Brachyceratops had a real bony horn on his snout—a stout, though divided, horn with which he made it lively for such carnivorous dinosaurs as attacked him. He also had the beginnings of a pair of horns over the eyes. So far as the fossil goes, his ancestors are unknown, but his known descendants were comprised in seven genera, all of which improved their horns and frills for defense. He was about eighteen feet long and ten feet high.

The discovery of the animal which had the honor of bearing the first true horn falls to Dr. Charles W. Gilmore of the U. S. Geological Survey. He has superintended the construction of a lifelike model of the reptile, now on exhibition in the National Museum, which better illustrates its characteristics that any other pose could do. You know the habit of carnivores: they always spring at the neck of the animal marked for a meal ticket. A glance at Gilmore's model of this brachyceratops, or unicorn's grandfather, shows it crouched in such an attitude that the large, bony frills, or "Elizabethian ruffs," completely shield the necks by lying flat on them.

It may well be that the legend of the unicorn is a prehistoric memory of one of the descendants of this strange dinosaur. It may have had certain peculiarities which struck the imagination of very primitive man who encountered it. The evolution of the unicorn from this ruffed monster to the [illegible] and graceful horned beast of legend is not more remarkable than the evolution of the modern horse of to-day from the little, almost rat-like creature which was its forefather ages ago. Nor is it more remarkable than the shrinking of the iguanodon lizard or the armadillo from their colossal ancestors. Just as the legend of the dragon is without doubt a memory of man of the gigantic flying lizard, so the unicorn may be a form of life which overlapped the period of man's consciousness and has since been wiped out of the page of earth, except for its fossils in the rock.

More and more science is leaning toward the dictum of Spencer that no myth can exist without a basis of fact—and science is beginning to see that its real duty is not to scoff at the myth, but find out what that basis of fact is which gave birth to it.



Boecklin's Famous Picture of "The Unicorn and the Maiden," Illustrating One Idea of What the Unicorn Looked Like. Below Are Two Crests of Noble English Families Showing the Utilization of the Unicorn in Heraldry.

Mystery of the Queer Divorce Mess of Our Duchess Consuelo

Why Is the Duke's Latest Offense So Shocking That It Made Her Seek the Freedom She Shrank from Asking During 12 Years of Separation

Crowherst, in Surrey, the Beautiful Old Place Which the Duchess Restored at Her Own Expense and Where She and the Duke Spent Their Recent Brief Period of Reconciliation.

LONDON, June 26.

SOCIETY is intensely curious to know what it is that has caused the American Duchess of Marlborough after all these years to prosecute her divorce suit against her defaulting husband so relentlessly. Although the Duchess's unhappy differences with the Duke have been a matter of common knowledge for many years there is no doubt that some entirely new cause of disagreement between them which is hidden from the world has arisen within less than a year.

The chief known facts are that the Duke and Duchess lived apart for twelve years—from 1907 to 1919, that the Duchess in that time never attempted to secure a legal divorce, that they became reconciled for one month in 1919, that the Duke then left her saying that it was impossible to live with her and that the Duchess after that began a suit for absolute divorce, which she is prosecuting with the most unflinching determination.

What happened in that short month that angered the Duchess more than anything the Duke had ever done before? What was it that caused her to seek the divorce she had not asked in twelve years?

In some quarters it has been assumed that the Duchess wishes to marry again. For that purpose, of course, she would need an absolute divorce. It would be rather surprising if the Duchess after years of quarrelling with her husband and barely six months after an attempt at reconciliation should wish to try the experiment again with another man, but women have done more surprising things. The Duchess has not revealed a marked preference for any individual, but several of the most brilliant men in England and France are among her devoted friends.

Under the English divorce law a wife in order to obtain an absolute divorce must prove infidelity, together with desertion or cruelty, whereas the husband need only prove infidelity. For the purpose of proving desertion it is customary for the wife to ask the court for a decree of restitution of conjugal rights. The decree orders the husband to return to his wife within a certain time—usually within fourteen days. If he fails to do so, this becomes proof that he has deserted his wife.

In accordance with this practice the Duchess appeared in court last March and applied for the decree of restitution, which was granted. Although the visit to court was evidently most distressing to the Duchess, she told the story with many details of their early disagreements, their recent reconciliation and the Duke's unfeeling desertion of her. But she said nothing about the Duke's recent actions which it is supposed were the true reason of her bringing the legal proceeding.

The decree of restitution was issued, the Duke, who was in France, refused to obey it, as was expected, and then the Duchess began her suit for absolute divorce.

The co-respondent was not named in advance of the suit, but of course an absolute divorce could not be obtained without one. In reply to this suit the Duke announced that he would oppose the divorce, a somewhat unusual course, as it has become customary among husbands of high social position to allow their wives to divorce them without opposition.

It has been learned, however, that the Duke's course in opposing the divorce is in accordance with the Duchess's wishes and appears to have been followed by him to oblige her or else to have been forced upon him by her lawyers.

Strange to say, a defended divorce suit is absolutely necessary in order that the Duchess may maintain her position at court, which she values highly. Queen Mary has determined that morality, simplicity and frugality shall distinguish her court more than ever. She has just given orders that no divorcee shall be received at court unless she can show that the divorce was granted in open court in her favor, that both parties were represented and that custody of the children was granted to the wife.

So strict will be the court rules that the Lord Chamberlain has announced that in most cases divorcees will save themselves trouble by not applying for presentation at all. This last admonition would not apply to a woman like the Duchess of Marlborough, who is already highly respected at court, but she cannot be allowed to disregard the entire rule.

It has been further ordered that women appearing at court shall not wear head feathers, long trains or ostentatious displays of jewelry.

It is clear now that the Duke's defence against his wife's suit is necessary in order that the Duchess may maintain her position, but it remains a mystery why she considered it necessary to bring the suit at all. She could easily have separated from her husband quietly and lived apart as they had done for many years and have excited hardly any comment.

It is possible to reveal some curious facts that have a bearing on this mystery. When the Duchess asked for her restitution decree she stated that she had serious disagreements with the Duke early in married life which made it impossible for them to live together.

They separated in 1907 under private articles of separation, which gave Blenheim Palace to the Duke, left her in undivided possession of Sunderland House, London, which she had just built, and specified arrangements concerning the two children.

In November, 1919, when this agreement expired, the Duke and Duchess met to discuss the situation. He suggested that they should try living together again, to which she agreed. Her sympathies for him were excited by his patriotism in putting Blenheim Palace Park under cultivation for war reasons. They spent the period of reconciliation, an odd sort of late honeymoon, at Crowherst Place, in Surrey, a lovely old house which the Duchess had restored and renovated with extraordinary skill and expenditure of money.

They began to live together on November 27, and on December 15 the Duke went away without a word of warning and sent this letter to the Duchess:

"Blenheim, Woodstock.

"My Dear Consuelo:

"We have tried our best to mend the past and start life afresh, but I fear that in the long period of our separation, now upwards of twelve years, we have grown too far apart to live happily together again. I appreciate all you have tried to do during our reunion, but I am now convinced it is impossible. Believe me.

"Yours, "SUNNY."

To this unfeeling letter the Duchess replied:

"Dear Sunny—I have received your letter. I wish you had spoken to me instead of writing. It seems a pity now that we ever came together again only for everything to end like this. It is useless to say more. I must go away and rest for a while. Yours, "CONSUELO."

Later she wrote to him as follows:

"Dear Sunny—While I have been away I have thought over everything and you, too, have had time to reflect, so I am writing to ask you to reconsider your decision not to return to me. If you will do so, I can assure you nothing on my part will be wanting to try and make you happy.

"Yours, "CONSUELO."

To this the Duke replied, brusquely, as follows:

"My Dear Consuelo—I have received your letter of the 21st, written on your return from the Continent. As I wrote to you in December, when we parted, I am convinced that it is impossible for us to live happily together."

Some curious inferences may be drawn from this brief correspondence. Probably most Americans have supposed that the Duchess dismissed the Duke from her home because of his repeated misconduct. From the correspondence, however, it is plain that after their reconciliation it was the Duke who went away because he simply could not endure the Duchess, although he tried rather hard to do so. From the tone of the correspondence it is inferred that the original disagreement must have been of a similar character.

The Duchess, whose proud nature is well known, condescended very deeply in the opinion of her friends when she urged the Duke to return to her after their second parting. The Duke rejected her loving overture with abrupt, almost contemptuous harshness.

The proud, sensitive Duchess was deeply angered at the insolence of a husband who owed much to her and who had never shown any return for all the benefits received but cruelty, insults and unfaithfulness. Her anger at this latest exhibition of heartlessness by the Duke is believed to be largely responsible for the determination with which she is prosecuting her divorce suit.

According to this view, she wants to punish him. Under a divorce decree she could enforce severer terms on the Duke than under a private agreement.

But anger on the Duchess's side and heartlessness on the Duke's would be of no effect in securing her divorce. For this latter purpose she must prove his infidelity.

The acts of which she complains must have been committed either during their reconciliation or since then. Any acts committed before that time would, according to English law, be condoned by the Duchess when she resumed living with the Duke and could not be the basis of a divorce suit.

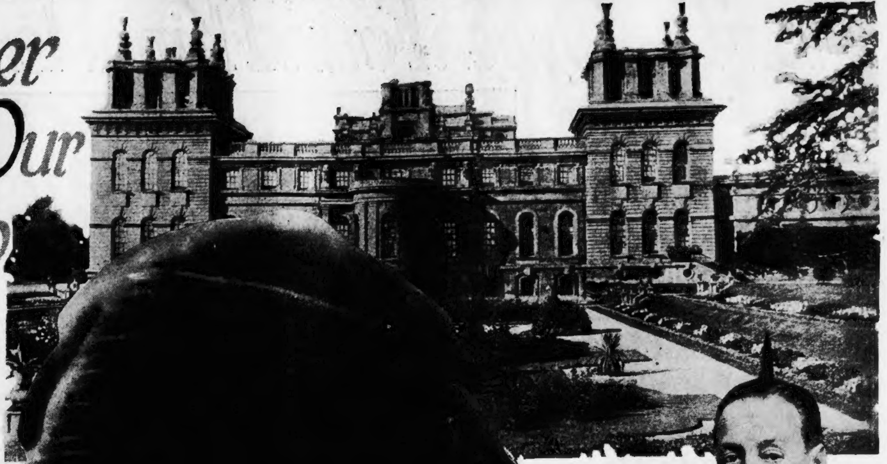
At the time of the original separation of the pair there were widespread reports, even repeated in print, that the Duchess was offended by the attentions of the Duke to a distinguished society woman noted for her beauty and fascination. These reports arose perhaps as much as anything from the almost universal admiration which this famed beauty received from the most highly placed princes and noblemen in Europe.

Society knows that the separation was in large measure due to the utterly heartless, selfish and cynical conduct of the Duke within a few years of their marriage, which occurred in 1895. It is generally understood that the Duchess's father, W. K. Vanderbilt, set aside a fortune of $10,000,000 for the joint use of the couple and the support of their family, protecting it by many legal restrictions.

Those who are familiar with the Duchess's life say that the affronts offered by the Duke at the time of the brief reconciliation and since then have been of a most intolerable character, but in advance of the suit nobody ventured to mention names.

The intimation has been made that the Duke, after trying married life anew with the Duchess for a short while deliberately sought the society of a former companion. This would have been a most outrageous affront to the Duchess, meaning that after mature consideration and experiment he had no longer any possible doubt that he preferred the society of another person to hers.

It is even probable that he shamelessly paraded his indifference to his wife during the brief period when she was loyally endeavoring to display the true spirit of wifely love and to make their reconciliation a genuine one. It would surprise no one if the Duke alleged that he believed his wife wished a reconciliation merely for the sake of dignity, respectability and court position, and that she was willing to allow him to enjoy perfect freedom and to amuse himself just as he pleased without comment or interference on her part. Such cynical conceptions of domestic life are of course not uncommon among the European aristocracy.



Blenheim Palace, One of the Great Historic Houses of England, Which the American Duchess Can Never Occupy Again.

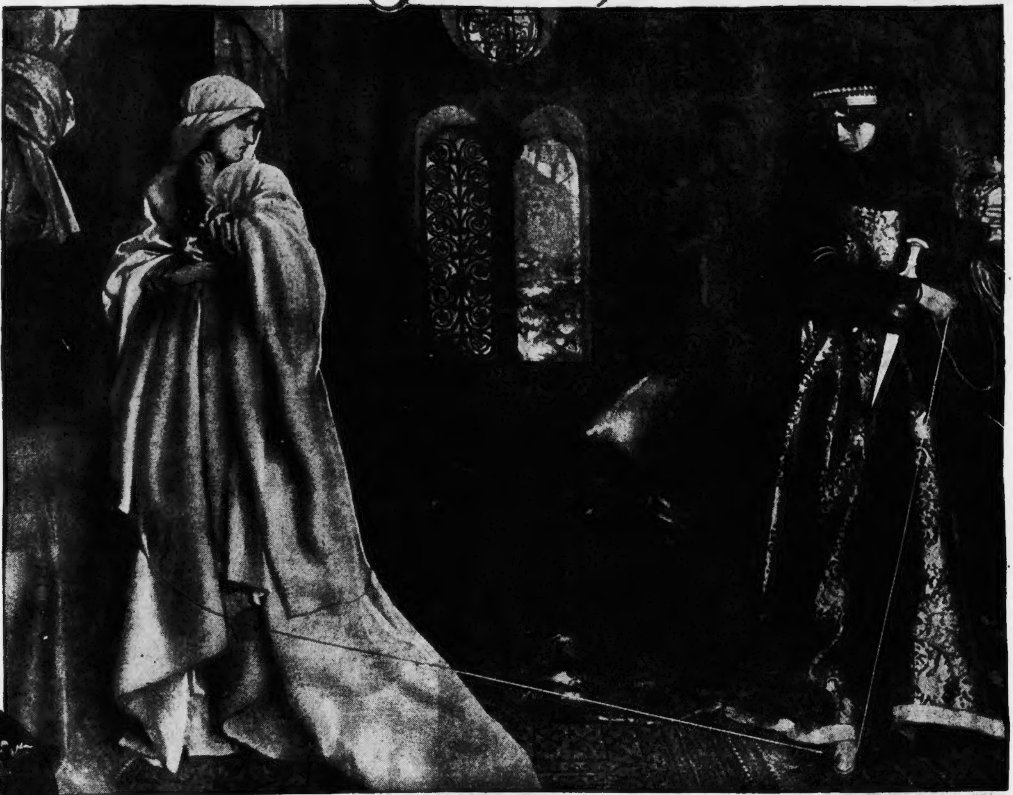
The Sad Face of the Duchess. From Her Latest Photograph, Taken Since Her Last Separation from the Duke.

The Duchess in the State Robes and Coronet of Her Rank, Which She Can Never Wear Again.

The Duke of Marlborough, Who Left His American Wife After Her Repeated Efforts at Reconciliation.

How The Queen Found King Henry's Sweetheart

Following a Silken Thread She Had Pinned to the Fair Charmer's Skirt, Her Majesty Went Through the Blinding Secret Passages That Hid the Lovers' Retreat, and Plunged a Dagger Into Rosamund's Heart



Queen Eleanor, with Dagger and Poison Cup, Surprising Fair Rosamund in Her Secret "Bower" by Means of a Clue of Thread. A Remarkably Skilful Historical Painting by F. Cadogan Cowper, A. R. A.

RECENT discoveries have caused renewed interest in what is perhaps the most fascinating story in all English history —the story of "King Henry II. and Fair Rosamund."

The secret love of the great early English King for one who was called the most beautiful woman in England and his ingenious but unsuccessful efforts to conceal his intrigue from a proud, powerful and also beautiful Queen have excited the imagination of men for many centuries—ever since the twelfth century, when the events of this obscure story occurred.

It is established beyond question that King Henry loved Rosamund Clifford, the fair daughter of Walter Lord Clifford, not wisely but too well. What is doubtful is that part of the story which asserts that he kept his love in a strangely hidden house and that the jealous Queen Eleanor pursued her there and put her to death.

Now there has just been discovered on the Duke of Marlborough's estate, Blenheim Palace, at Woodstock, the buried remains of an ancient stone house, which is thought to have been that occupied by the King's love—"Rosamund's Bower," as the poets have called it.

The palace, which King Henry occupied when he had his love affair with Rosamund, was at Woodstock. The estate was a royal manor and was many centuries later given by Queen Anne to the first Duke of Marlborough after his great victories.

King Henry's palace disappeared centuries ago, and of "Rosamund's Bower" there has never been any definite trace. An old house in the village of Woodstock, not a stone's throw from Blenheim Palace Park, has been pointed to by villagers as occupying the original site of "Rosamund's Bower," but without any good historical proof. Another old house, within the grounds of the palace, has been less frequently described as the original site, but with the same lack of good evidence.

The newly discovered ruins on the Blenheim estate are regarded by antiquarians as having a better claim to represent "Rosamund's Bower" than either of the other two sites. The ruins are situated in a thick wood in a remote, somewhat neglected, part of the estate. The wood was recently cleared away to provide for the increased cultivation of foodstuffs.

Then came another interesting discovery. It was observed that at a distance of a hundred yards from the ruins there were a number of very ancient yew trees planted in a peculiar zig-zag line. These, of course, had always been a familiar sight, but now it appeared probable that they were a vestige of "the maze," which, according to legend, King Henry built around his sweetheart's house.

In response to the renewed interest in Rosamund Clifford, one of the foremost English artists, F. Cadogan Cowper, has painted a remarkable picture of "Fair Rosamund and Queen Eleanor" for this year's Royal Academy. It has proved one of the great successes of the exhibition.

The artist has chosen the moment when the Queen has surprised the guilty Rosamund in the dainty retreat which the King has built for her. The two women are wonderfully contrasted. On one side stands the handsome, strong-featured, majestic Queen, with crown on head, pride, determination, anger and outraged wifely dignity in every line. At her girdle she carries a terrible dagger, and in one hand a cup of poison—Rosamund must accept one or the other as the means of making her exit from the world. She also holds the thread by which she has traced down the lovers' retreat.

On the other side of the picture stands Rosamund, the fair, frail, weak, trembling sweetheart of a king. You understand instantly that she cannot continue to exist as the rival of the majestic Queen.

The artist has based his picture on a passage in old John Stow's "Chronicle of England," one of the most familiar sources of the fair Rosamund legend. This passage reads as follows:

"Rosamund, the fayre daughter of Walter Lord Clifford, concubine to Henry II. (poisoned by Queen Elianor, as some thought), dyed at Woodstocke (A. D. 1177), where King Henry had made for her a house of wonderful working; so that no man or woman might come to her, but he that was instructed by the King, or such as were right secret with him touching the matter. This house after some was named Labyrinthus, or Dedalus worke, which was wrought like unto a knot in a garden, called a Maze; but it was commonly said that lastly the Queene came to her by a clue of thredde, or silke, and so dealt with her, that she lived not long after; but when she was dead she was buried at Godstow, in an house of nunnes beside Oxford, with these verses upon her Tombe: 'Hic jacet in tumba Rosa mundi, non Rosa munda. . . .'"

Henry II., the Lover of Rosamund, Who Became King of England in 1154. From an Ancient, Twelfth Century Manuscript.

Many of the facts of Rosamund Clifford's life have been well established. The English historian, Thomas Carte, gave much attention to the subject. She was a daughter of Walter Lord Clifford, whose family became one of the most prominent in England throughout the Middle Ages, a prosperity partly due to the generosity of King Henry II.

Henry II. was the first of the Plantagenet line of English kings, one of the great monarchs of the Middle Ages. By birth he was a southern Frenchman, related to the previous English kings through his mother. His life was an amazing series of triumphs and tragedies. At nineteen he went to England, made war on his uncle, King Stephen, and after making peace was accepted as heir to the English throne. During this period he met and loved Rosamund Clifford.

In 1154, when he was twenty-one, he inherited the English throne, but before going to England he seized the opportunity to marry a great princess known as Eleanor of Aquitaine. She had been married to King Louis VII. of France. He had divorced her on the pretext of consanguinity, but really because he was displeased by her gallantries and her violent temper.

To the ambitious Henry these defects seemed of little importance, for what he desired most was the possession of the great territories in France to which Eleanor was heiress. It was through her inheritance that England became involved in war with France for nearly one hundred years, including the Joan of Arc period.

Eleanor was a typical product of southern France in the age of troubadours, tournaments and courts of love. It was the sole aim in life of a good knight to make love in the most romantic manner imaginable and of a lady to have as many adoring knights as possible. Eleanor had served as "Queen of Beauty" at many tournaments and was credited by the old chroniclers with having many affairs with knights and troubadours. She was handsome, hot tempered and of masculine vigor of body.

King Henry married Eleanor and took her to England, where he began to consolidate his power. In the midst of his cares he found time to spend with Rosamund Clifford. There is some reason to believe that either before or immediately after his marriage to Queen Eleanor the King went through a secret marriage with Rosamund. In the isolated life of those days it would not have been difficult to conceal his other marriage from a young girl like Rosamund.

To make sure of secrecy the King constructed an extraordinary retreat for her at his domain of Woodstock, where he lived an idyllic if sinful existence, temporarily free from court cares.

An old historian named Brompton, who goes into considerable detail on the subject, says that this retreat was first approached by a maze, an arrangement of winding paths amid thick trees. Any one who did not possess the clue to the maze could never find his way to Rosamund's retreat, but would constantly find himself coming back to where he started.

It is popularly supposed that this maze was similar to the one at Hampton Court Palace, near London. Various types of mazes have, in fact, been constructed on English estates for centuries. It seems probable that the one that concealed Rosamund's house must have been much larger than that of Hampton Court.

When the King had made his way through the maze he came to a trap door hidden among the trees. He raised this and then entered a long, winding subterranean passage, or labyrinth. Finally when he had gone through this, he came up in a delightful little garden where stood "Rosamund's Bower," concealed in the remotest part of the forest.

During the two years following his marriage to Queen Eleanor the King was devoted to Rosamund. They had two sons, both of whom became great men in the land. It was not likely that such a woman as Queen Eleanor would long have failed to notice her husband's absorption in a secondary household.

The jealous Queen discovered that the secret lay near the royal palace of Woodstock. Her suspicions fell upon Rosamund Clifford and she thought of an ingenious stratagem to trace her movements. She attached a ball of silk floss to Rosamund's skirt and this unwound as she retreated through the maze to her secret trysting place.

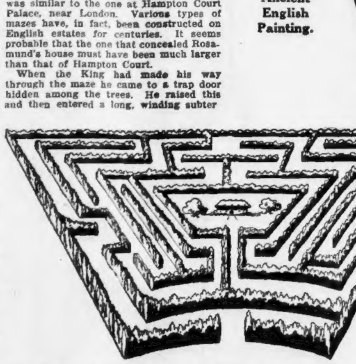
When the King had gone away the fierce, proud Queen followed the silken thread and surprised poor Rosamund in her dainty retreat. The statement that the Queen carried with her a dagger and a cup of poison is entirely in agreement with what is known of her martial and vigorous character.

Poor Rosamund, caught helpless and alone, hesitated, what to do and, while she trembled in terror, the fierce Queen struck her to the heart with her dagger, as some writers assert, although others say she took the poison.

Certain historians say that the story of the maze and Queen Eleanor's dramatic actions is a fanciful embroidery. They assert that after King Henry's relations with Rosamund Clifford had been known for two years the Queen's violent remonstrances and the great scandal caused thereby led to the seclusion of the royal sweetheart in a nunnery at Godstow, where she died many years after.

The historians who reject the romantic story have never been able to prove that the King did not conceal his sweetheart in a maze. The story, which has been repeated by many chroniclers from the earliest times, has many elements of probability, and the discovery of the ancient ruins at Woodstock appears to confirm its accuracy in part.

Rosamund Clifford, Weeping at the Discovery of Her Guilty Secret. From an Ancient English Painting.



The Famous Maze at Hampton Court Palace, Near London, Which Is Popularly Supposed to Have Been Copied from the One That Concealed Fair Rosamund's Retreat.

Queen Eleanor, Who Put Rosamund to Death. From Her Tomb at Fontevrault Abbey, France.

Rich Mr. Fliermans Unholy Bargain With Poor Miss Collet

How the Courts Must Decide Whether a Man Can Trade and Buy His Love-Child from the Girl Who Pleads Mother Love to Get Back Her Little One

The Fliermans Home at The Hague, Holland.

IS mother love a thing which can be bargained away just as if the child which is its object were a piece of livestock or a bit of furniture? Or is it an inalienable lien that overrides even an agreement drawn up in full legal terms, signed, sealed and delivered, and taking away from a mother forever all rights to her little son?

A Chicago judge has already declared in favor of the irrevocable claims of mother love, but the question will have to be finally decided in the courts of New York because it was in that State that what the mother terms an "unholy bargain" was made.

What complicates the situation is that the baby in question is what is termed a love child—its father and mother never went through the ceremony of marriage. The case is one of the most curious that has ever come before the courts of America, inasmuch as the attitude of the father seems to be that long held in certain parts of the Orient—that a child belongs to the father, and that the mother is a negligible factor after the first years of infancy and physical dependence upon her.

It was six years ago that Constant Fliermans, Jr., a man of wealth—an art collector, as well—set forth from his home in Chicago on one of his trips to gather masterpieces in Europe. On board the boat on which he sailed was a little Holland girl, Henrica Bernardina Collet. Fliermans was then a man well over fifty. Miss Collet was scarcely more than twenty. She was a bookkeeper in a department store in The Hague and was returning from a vacation visit to friends in America.

Propinquity, the magic of the ship at sea, the moonlight, her youth, his dignity and well-won position in the art world did their work. The journey was not finished before both had acknowledged themselves in love.

If the girl had dreamed of a wedding, this hope was soon broken.

"I have been married and divorced," she says he told her. "I would not go through the ceremony again. But I love you and I want to take you back to America with me. In all things we will be as man and wife and all shall know you as my wife. I will make you happy."

They went to The Hague, where the girl laid the matter before her parents. It seems that after violent but ineffectual objection they consented to the arrangement. Rich man and poor girl came back to America outwardly Mr. and Mrs. Constant Fliermans, Jr. They took an apartment in upper New York. As he had promised, she was introduced to all as his wife. And for a time she was happy.

After two and a half years came little Constant Fliermans III. He was idolized by both his father and his mother. Surrounded with every luxury in an atmosphere of ease and contentment he grew to be two and a half years old. During all this time the little former bookkeeper had felt no sense of insecurity. She had lived as a woman of comparative wealth would; she had no reason, she says, to believe that the man she looked upon as her husband had cooled toward her. And, like every other mother, her heart was bound up in her boy and his future. Often she discussed this with the father, and, quite naturally, like every other mother, she saw her future and the future of her child stretching along beside each other through life.

Then came the extraordinary agreement which was to put a cruel end to all these mother thoughts and ambitions. Miss Collet asserts that she did not know what she was signing when she placed her name to it. She says she thought it only "a paper allowing my son to make the visit to his aunt and to provide for his future in case his father or I, or both, were lost at sea." The attorney for Mr. Fliermans, a responsible and honored member of the New York bar, told the court at Chicago that he had read every paragraph over carefully to her before she signed, and that she knew perfectly well what it was that she was agreeing to. The court, it appears, did not consider this question of fact; it is more than probable that it accepted the attorney's version as the correct one. But mother love it held set even an understood agreement aside, and here, perhaps, is the place to set down the essential parts of this document—perhaps the most extraordinary a mother has ever signed.

"Did the mother know? Or, knowing, did she sign that strange agreement because she thought it best for him—best for him never to know her again?"

It reads:

"This agreement, entered into this 21st day of August, 1919, in the city of New York, between Constant L. Fliermans, Jr., party of the first part, and Henrica Bernardina Collet, a citizen of Holland, party of the second part, hereinafter designated 'Miss Collet,' witnesseth:

"Whereas, Mr. Fliermans and Miss Collet have heretofore and since about August 1, 1914, lived together in The Hague, Holland, and in the city of New York and elsewhere in the United States, as man and wife under the designation Mr. and Mrs. Fliermans; and

"Whereas, Mr. Fliermans and Miss Collet are not and have never been married by civil marriage, ceremonial marriage, common-law marriage or in any other manner whatsoever, and have never entered into any agreement of marriage of any nature whatsoever or to become married in any manner or by any means whatsoever, and at no time have they or either of them had any intent or purpose to enter into any contract of marriage or to become married; and

"Whereas, The living together of Mr. Fliermans and Miss Collet with one another was upon the express condition, agreed to by both of said parties, that either of the said parties should be permitted to terminate the same and withdraw therefrom at any time without any further duty, right or liability to the other of said parties; and

Miss Collet, the Mother of Little Constant Fliermans.

Constant Fliermans, Jr.

"Whereas, On or about January 26, 1917, at the Lying-In Hospital in the city of New York, there was a child born to Miss Collet, of which child Mr. Fliermans is the father, the name of said child being Constant L. Fliermans, 3d, and said child has uninterruptedly sojourned in the United States and has become accustomed to and versed in the language, ways and customs thereof; and

"Whereas, Mr. Fliermans and Miss Collet have mutually agreed and determined to cease their living together in accordance with the agreements and arrangements as hereinbefore set forth, and it is their mutual and paramount purpose and desire to provide for the welfare, education and support of the said child, and to see that he is brought up and educated in a refined and uplifting environment; and

* * * * * * *

"Whereas, Miss Collet herself is unable to care for said child, and has no relatives except her parents, who reside at The Hague, Holland, and who are persons of advancing years and limited means and resources and occupying a very humble position in life, and who could not by reason therefor make suitable provision or care for such child;

"Now, therefore, in consideration of the foregoing and of the sum of one dollar paid by each of the parties hereto to the other in hand, and of the mutual covenants and conditions herein contained, the parties hereto do hereby agree as follows, the paramount and controlling object and purpose of said agreement being to provide for the welfare of said child:

"1. That said Henrica Bernardina Collet hereby transfers to and vests in the said Constant L. Fliermans, Jr., during his lifetime, and upon his death to such guardian as he may by his last will and testament or otherwise appoint, or as may be duly appointed, any and all rights in and to the said child, Constant L. Fliermans, Jr., and to said guardian.

"2. The said Constant L. Fliermans, Jr., hereby assumes full and exclusive responsibility for the care, maintenance, education and upbringing of said child, and all such obligations with respect to said child as may be imposed by law or otherwise upon the said Henrica Bernardina Collet as the mother or a natural guardian of said child, and the said Constant L. Fliermans, Jr., agrees to fulfil and to perform each and every one of the said obligations and to absolve the said Henrica Bernardina Collet therefrom. The said Constant Fliermans, Jr., further agrees to provide a suitable and proper home for said child in one of the following manners: (a) With the said Katrina Paxton, residing at No. 3506 West Sixtieth street, Chicago; (b) at the home of such other person or persons as may seem best suited to the careful, fitting and proper raising and education of said child; (c) at a home provided, maintained and occupied by the said Constant Fliermans, Jr., for such purpose. The said Constant L. Fliermans agrees to pay at all times any and all sums which may be necessary for the maintenance, education and support of said child, and exercise all the rights, duties and prerogatives as the father of said child. The said Constant L. Fliermans, Jr., further agrees to make reasonable provision by his last will and testament for the guardianship and support and maintenance of said child after the death of the said Constant L. Fliermans, Jr.

* * * * * * *

"3. The said Henrica Bernardina Collet agrees that she will not at any time hereinafter, in any manner, direct or indirect, interfere with the said Constant L. Fliermans, Jr., or any guardian hereafter appointed in the education and upbringing of said child, and that she will not at any time hereafter endeavor to or use means to obtain the control or custody of said child.

"In witness whereof the parties hereto have hereunto set their hands and seals the day and year first above written."

Now of the signing of this agreement and what followed the mother says this:

"My husband, as I understood him to be, told me he wished me to go to Holland to take some pictures over for him. He would follow in a few months. I said to him, 'But what shall we do with Constant?' He answered, 'It will be better that he does not take the hard voyage. I will send him to my sister in Chicago. And before I take him we will fix up a paper that shall make everything right for him in case anything happens to us on the journey.' I wished always that everything should be right for Constant. I signed a paper. I thought it was to allow Constant to make the visit to his aunt and to provide for his future if his father or I, or both, were lost at sea.

"My husband took our boy to Chicago. I took the pictures to Holland. When my husband arrived in Holland I met him on the steamer. His words were cruel. I nearly swooned at them. He said, 'You and I are through.' 'But Constant?' I asked. 'You shall see him no more,' he answered. 'You gave me a deed to him when you signed that paper in New York.'

"I was frantic. But I decided at once to go to America for my son. I told his father so. He sneered and said, 'You shall not. I shall prevent you.' I went to the American consul and told him my story. He said in a very kind voice, 'He has been writing me letters, asking me not to let you go back. But I advise you to go. You are the child's mother and have a right to him.' He gave me my passport."

The mother returned to New York. Penniless, she worked as a domestic in a fashionable apartment on Riverside Drive until she had earned enough money to pay for her ticket to and from Chicago. She went to the Western city, lived in the Young Woman's Christian Association, where chance gave her as roommate Henrietta Bulte, the girl of fifteen who ran away from her home in New York to become a "moving picture queen," and there she engaged a lawyer to get back her child. He instituted habeas corpus proceedings. The judge of the Superior Court of Chicago, who listened to the plea, asked: "Where is the child's father?" "In Holland," was the answer. "He cannot come back for a month and a half."

"Then I release the child into the mother's custody for forty-five days. I will allow her to take him back to New York. That is where the case started and where it should be settled. My own belief is that the mother has the greater right to the child."

Little Constant Fliermans III., the "Love Child" Whose Future With Mother or Father Must Be Decided by the Courts. Can Mother Love Win Him?

After the forty-five days had passed and the father was still detained in Holland, his sister, Katrina Paxton, asked the New York courts to return the child to her. Justice Tierney listened with puzzled air to the stories. Counsel for the father argued that the father was a man of fifty-eight years, of failing strength and impaired health, who desired to make adequate provision for his child's future. He had made a will, leaving his fortune to his son, save a few bequests to his brothers and sisters and "$500 to by housekeeper, Henrica Barnardina Collet!"

This will was made on condition that Miss Collet resign all claim to the child.

Miss Collet answered: "I did not know. I did not understand what I was signing."

"But, Your Honor, I went over the agreement carefully, reading it paragraph by paragraph both to Miss Collet and to Mr. Fliermans in my office," said the lawyer. "Besides, my client thinks the child is in excellent hands with his sister, who is an elderly woman with two children in college. They live in a suburban home, with all the refinements of wealth. Whereas this woman's parents are of humble station in The Hague."

"My father has a good home. He and my mother had fitted up a whole floor for Constant and me. Mrs. Paxton does not own her own home. It is being paid for by installments. Her son is in college, but her daughter works down town. When Constant came to me he looked as though he had not had a bath for fourteen days," observed the mother.

"Your Honor, this woman and the child are living up town with a janitress. That is no fit place for the child of a man of wealth to be brought up."

"No, no, Judge," flashed the mother, "the woman is from Holland. She lives up four flights in sunny back rooms and there is a playground for Constant. He is clean and well cared for and happy. He loves me and I cannot live without him."

The Judge remarked that he wished the father were there and made the ruling recited. There is no doubt that little Constant will continue in the custody of his mother until his father returns from Holland.

What will happen thereafter depends entirely upon what view the New York court takes of the mother right.

There is in the whole case no suggestion of ill treatment of the little boy. Each parent wants to do what each thinks is best for him. There is no slightest doubt that Mr. Fliermans thoroughly believes his methods are best for its welfare—just as Miss Collet believes hers are.

"I am not asking for any money for myself," she says. "I only want to bring up the baby as he ought to be—as the son of a man of wealth."

The Hope Diamond Mystery – by M

The Startling History
Stone, the "Curse" Th
Owners for Fourteen
Story of the Ruined
of May Yohe, Who
Once Owned It
and Wore It.

Lord and Lady Francis Hope (May Yohe), and famous old Clumber Castle, where she might have presided as the distinguished chatelaine.

TO find herself mistress of the palace of an English Duke, with jewels outrivaling the jewels of many a crowned head, with London town house, country estates, castles, shooting preserves—would probably fulfill the happiest dreams of millions of American women.

And yet May Yohe, the daughter of a Pennsylvania country dressmaker, had all this in her grasp—AND THREW IT ALL AWAY.

May Yohe, the beloved and petted wife of Lord Francis Hope, was also to share with her husband the added title and still greater estates of the Duke of Newcastle—was it the malevolent power of the unlucky Hope diamond that then intervened and blighted her life?

Up and up the staircase of social progress and fortune May Yohe had climbed rapidly until she stood in the centre of the circle of the British titled aristocracy. It would seem as if her fondest ambitions had been realized and were well worth holding securely.

But almost in a moment all was swept away.

Putnam Bradlee Strong, son of the Mayor of New York City, came into her life. Big, manly in figure, of excellent family and breeding, with the easy manners of New York club life, this outward polish of a gentleman hid the morals and habits of a cad.

Fixing his eyes upon May Yohe's half-million dollars' worth of jewels, Captain Strong, with a whirlwind conquest, won her from Lord Francis Hope. A painful farewell meeting with her husband, Lord Francis, followed, and May Yohe and Strong ran away to Japan—he was happy in the possession of the jewels; she thought she was happy in the pretensions of love of a man she learned to despise.

It was a good bargain for Captain Strong, but it was a fatal one for May Yohe. By her sentimental folly she had thrown away the love of a worthy man, Lord Francis, and all that wealth and the very highest social position could bring.

And then began the downward career of Lady Francis Hope, who would have been the Duchess of Newcastle. Painfully, miserably, with heart broken by the discovery that Captain Strong was a blackguard, May Yohe descended step by step the staircase of social progress. Down to the bottom she went—the prospective Duchess of Newcastle at last found herself a janitress in a Seattle shipyard. But at last she has found happiness in the love of a worthy man who offers neither wealth, jewels nor social position.

The story of May Yohe's career will be told from week to week in these pages by May Yohe herself. Few plots in drama or fiction equal the extraordinary real life experiences of this remarkable American girl.

And the "curse" of the famous Hope diamond?

Something, indeed, seemed to cast its sinister shadow over her life and pursued her relentlessly in America, in Asia, throughout Europe, and even in South America. May Yohe discusses this famous gem which once was hers, and reveals much of its past history which has not before been made public—history which begins with its theft from the sparkling ornaments of the Buddhist idol fourteen hundred years ago, and drags its sinister trail down through the centuries to the shocking death of little Vinson Walsh McLean, whose parents now own the "cursed" stone.

And yet the "curse" of the wicked stone had dealt more lightly with May Yohe than with many of its victims down through the centuries since history has been able to follow the trail of its sinister journey.

It is not surprising that the jewel had a sort of irresistible fascination for May Yohe, and she spent much time and effort in tracing its baleful history. After its theft from the Buddhist idol fourteen centuries ago, she was able to piece together a fairly complete record of its career in recent times. This she narrates in all its extraordinary details—a story unparalleled in history or in fiction.

Jean Baptiste Tavernier came into possession of the stone in 1642, stolen from the sacred golden statue of Rama, in the Temple of Rama and Sita, Burmah, India. It weighed 112¼ carats, and Tavernier sold the diamond to King Louis XIV. for 2,500,000 francs and a baronetcy—he was created Baron d'Aubonne. Tavernier was torn to pieces by wild dogs.

Madame de Montespan, who wore the jewel, was abandoned by the King. It had been recut by Amsterdam jewelers by order of King Louis XIV. and reduced to 67⅛ carats.

Nicholas Fouquet, intendant of France, who borrowed it for a festive occasion, was executed by order of the King.

Queen Marie Antoinette, who wore it, was beheaded.

The beautiful Princess de Lamballe, who wore it, was torn to pieces by a French mob.

King Louis XVI., who owned it, was beheaded. The famous diamond was seized by revolutionists in August, 1792, and kept in the Garde Meuble. Stolen a month later and lost, a commission was appointed to find it.

It turned up in a diamond dealer's shop in Holland and in the possession of Wilhelm Fals, who recut it and reduced it to 44¼ carats. It was stolen by his son, and Fals was ruined. Of the missing pieces the Duke of Brunswick bought one weighing 7 carats and E. W. Streeter, the British diamond expert, bought the other.

Hendrik Fals, the diamond merchant's son, who stole it, was a suicide in London in 1830.

Francis Beaulieu, who sold it, died in misery and want.

The first of the Hope family who bought it suffered a long series of misfortunes, including the death of his favorite son.

Lord Francis Hope, the grandson, suffered financial reverses, scandal and unhappy marriage, bankruptcy, and was forced to sell the diamond to Simon Frankel for $168,000.

May Yohe, his wife, who wore it, tells the story of her unhappiness.

Simon Frankel, New York broker, who bought it for $168,000 in November, 1901, met financial difficulties.

Jacques Colot, another owner, was afflicted with madness and committed suicide.

Prince Ivan Kanitovski, next owner, was killed by revolutionists.

Lorens Ladue, to whom he loaned it, was murdered by her lover.

Simon Montharides, who sold it to the Sultan Abdul Hamid, was thrown over a precipice while riding with his wife and child; all were killed.

Abu Sabir, a lapidary, who polished it, was tortured and imprisoned.

Kulub Bey, who guarded it, was hanged in the street by a Turkish mob.

The keeper of its vault was strangled.

Zubayba, the Sultan's favorite, was killed by her master. The jewel was taken from her neck and put among the treasures of Yildiz Kiosk, which was later looted and the diamond stolen. A Turkish commission was appointed in October, 1909, to find it.

Abdul Hamid paid $400,000 for the stone. He was dethroned.

Jehver Agha, an official of the Yildiz, attempted to steal the stone and was hanged.

Selim Habib, Persian diamond merchant, who had handled the gem, was drowned in the sinking of the French steamer Seyne off Singapore, November 1909; the stone, however, was safe in Paris.

January 11, 1911, Mrs. Edward B. McLean, of Washington, D. C., bought it, wore it and was sued for $180,000 by Cartier, the jeweler.

In May, 1919, her only child, little Vinson McLean, the "Hundred-Million-Dollar Baby," the most closely safeguarded child on earth, rushed from his nurse's side and was crushed to death under the wheels of an automobile in Washington.

Nothing else in all history, nothing in fiction or the drama parallels the extraordinary record of this sinister jewel, which is related for the first time by a remarkable woman whose own life was blighted—by its wicked "curse." This will be told from week to week on this page.

CHAPTER II.

(Continued from Last Sunday)

(Copyright, 1920, by International Feature Service, Inc.)

TO the readers of this page last Sunday I explained that I was born in a little Pennsylvania mining town, and the only diamonds I ever saw or thought of were the "black diamonds" which came out of the coal mines. My ambition as a child was to be an actress.

Up to the day Lord Francis Hope made me his bride I had met with every success in my stage career. And then, when I found myself a member of the British titled aristocracy, with all the future seemed to promise—wealth, title, social position, castles, estates, jewels—then there came into my life a sinister influence which ruined everything.

Was it the "curse" of the great, the famous, the malevolent Hope Diamond? Can a gem, can any inanimate object, cast a spell, a curse, over a human life?

My intelligence tells me No!

And yet—and yet in the years I have pondered this strange question something within me always stirs me to think that there may be veiled forces at work which influence our lives which we do not understand.

As I studied the history of that fascinating stone I could not escape being impressed with the fact that it was in earlier centuries a part of the splendor and rich adornment of an Oriental idol. Is it that fact which inspires this particular stone with its special potency—if it really has a power for good or evil?

It seemed to me of especial interest and importance to piece together all I could learn of fact and tradition as to that early residence of the diamond in the gorgeous jeweled adornments of the great idol of jade—the goddess Rama-Sita. And, of course, more important of all, to trace the legendary history of the circumstances of the theft of the precious jewel from the sacred person of the powerful and vengeful idol.

Every one knows that one of the outstanding features of all ancient religions was the doctrine of fear. One may easily imagine that no punishment could be so dread as that which would be bestowed upon him who stole from the treasures of the temple or pilfered an ornament from the sacred store of a god himself.

And my diamond—the Hope diamond—the famous blue gem of fateful history, was stolen from the breast of the most powerful god in Budha's firmament!

A great lapidary, one of the most famous jewel cutters of Belgium, once said to me, as he fondled this magnificent stone:

"Lady Hope, I do not know the history of this gem, but I cannot look at it without seeming to see, in these pale blue glints from its many facets, the sadness of a pretty woman's eyes."

The Princess Brisbun! When last her eyes looked into this diamond, 1600 years ago, out there in the shadow of a great marble temple piled at the edge of her king-husband's city, her eyes were as sad as woman's eyes could be, and she was the prettiest woman in the kingdom! And Marie Antoinette, Princess Lamballe, Mlle. d'Argencourt — Mrs. Edward McLean—all pretty women, and all have looked into the mysterious stone with saddened eyes! Surely there was more than a romantic speech in this thought of the great jewel expert.

As I have said before, Brisbun was the favorite daughter of a prince of Nepal.

On their nuptial night the King gave his bride his favorite jewel—what to-day is known as the Hope Diamond.

Brisbun persuaded her husband to have a great idol of Rama-Sita, favorite twin Hindu gods she still worshipped, made for a temple he had builded in her honor outside the walls of Lhassa, his capital city. Rama was the god of the sun and Sita was the daughter of the moon, dedicated to Rama as his goddess of love.

When the twin god was unveiled it was decreed by the King that forever after every noble in his kingdom should complete the nuptial ceremony of taking a new wife by submitting his bride at the feet of the great jade idol. Were the bride not a virgin, said the priests of the temple, she would be destroyed at the feet of the god. If she were, she would remain happy and her husband prosperous. Each virgin bride, after this ceremony, left with the god some rare jewel, its cost determined by the wealth of the husband.

There came a day when the power of Rama-Sita waned in Thibet, despite the lovely Brisbun. Many of the people were angered at this god, because, they said, their nobles oppressed them that they might vie with each other in providing their virgin brides with fabulously valuable jewels for this god of the sun and his goddess of love. The idol was in danger of defilement by the mob, and Brisbun hastily sent to her native Nepal for advice from the learned pundits there.

One night there gathered outside the temple a queer-looking band of pilgrims, apparently beggars, who had walked far to do homage to Rama-Sita. They were dressed in rags and clustered about the gates of the temple in humble, weary attitudes. But when they knocked for admittance the gates did not swing open. The priests scented a ruse. They were in fear of their own people, among whom there had been so many murmurings against the exactions of the jade idol. One of the "beggars" detached himself from his companions and trudged into the neighboring city and appeared at the gates of the King's palace. To the guard who refused to admit him he gave a ring, with a strange figure carved upon it, and asked that the token be carried to the King's favorite wife.

Awed, the guard sent for a eunuch and bade him carry the beggar's ring at once to the Princess Brisbun.

Within an hour a closely wrapped figure appeared in the guard room, gave an imperious sign to the guard which brought him to his knees in a panic, and then disappeared down the road with the strange visitor. It was the Princess Brisbun herself who had come in response to the call of the ring—a ring she recognized as marking its owner one of the order of Pundits to whom she had appealed for advice and protection for Rama-Sita.

With her companion she joined the group of strangers outside the temple gates. Each of them threw aside his cloak and revealed to her the very pundits of Nepal, to whom she had sent her messenger. They had come at once to save the far-famed idol from its threatened desecration. They had come to take the idol away—to a new haven, there to await the return to holiness of the people of Thibet who were about to betray it.

We know from the construction of the palaces that there was a secret door to the temple, reserved for the King and his harem when they came to worship. To this hidden portal the Princess must have led her pundit friends from Nepal. The door opened to the touch of the Princess and the band led by her, most probably, fell upon the sleeping priests and bound them.

By certain facts known, it is possible to reconstruct the scene that followed.

Hoists were brought, and the great idol was reverently lowered from its pedestal. Each pundit threw himself face down upon the earthen floor before the dethroned idol and, with subdued wailing, pleaded its forgiveness for the violence with which, perforce, they must lay their hands upon it.

Then, led by the Princess, the pundits struggled under their heavy load along the tortuous paths close to the inner walls of the temple where the moon would not disclose them to any chance watchers on the nearby hills, who might be looking down through the aperture in the roof, until the idol was safe outside the temple. A low-

ay Yohe (Lady Francis Hope)

of This Fascinating
t Has Followed Its
enturies and the
Life

"The Princess Brisbun entered the temple at night through a secret door and had the great jade idol removed, fastening upon its breast the wonderful jewel which had been her wedding gift—the Hope Diamond."

Yohe's first appearance on the stage as "Prince
rittinitz" in "The Crystal Slipper" in Chicago.

e from the pundit chief brought a group of ele-
s from the nearby bushes, where they were hidden
e of silent keepers.
ongs of bamboo were quickly wrapped around the
d two elephants stood ready to swing away, the
ifely hung between them.
e pundit chief turned to the Princess Brisbun and
d the way to the south. But she shook her head.
vould remain But before they started she asked
they lift her on their shoulders, that she might once
touch her beloved Rama-Sita. Deftly they swung
p. For a moment she was silent, her head bowed
t the idol's breast. Then, from around her neck
re the pendant in which was set her nuptial jewel
it to-day is the Hope Diamond. Quickly she fas-
the great gem into the rope of jewels that hung
the idol's shoulders.
d what became of Brisbun?
r delicate hands had defiled the temple—for defile-
it was, no matter how worthy her reason. And she
oo proud to avoid the consequences. When morn-
ame, and the first worshippers of the dawn, they
the idol gone, but enthroned in its place on its
tic pedestal, the figure of their Princess Brisbun,
scornful and defiant.
that the idol was gone the temper of the popu-
as aroused and, as is so often the case, it took on a

frenzy of righteousness in complete forgetfulness of its own previous plottings against the god. Their love and awe of Rama-Sita returned instantly. The mob stormed toward the pedestal where the Princess Brisbun awaited it. The thwarted priests urged it on.

Until the last tremor of consciousness and life had passed out of her beautiful body the Princess stoically submitted herself to the mob. At last she was motionless—dead—where her beloved Sita and her mate, the Sun God, had stood.

The Rama-Sita was carried safely into Burmah, where it was set up in a temple on the outskirts of Mandalay, where ruins of it still remain to this day.

In all the inhibitions associated with the religious of temples and idols there is none more serious than that which forbids the profane hand of a mere worshipper at the shrine of a god to even so much as touch one of the glittering jewels which are so copiously draped about its inanimate person.

Every popular god—and Rama-Sita was the most popular of all the Hindu deities—was rich in jewels. These rich jewels were a source of constant temptation to the beggars and parasites who flocked to the temples—but they knew the awful penalty that would fall upon them if they succumbed and surreptitiously pilfered even so much as a minor bauble—the dreaded "curse."

Of course, death by the knife, or the thong, or the torture rack preceded the curse—but the curse fell upon the culprit's ancestors, and upon his sons and daughters and grandchildren and all his relatives for endless generations.

Even the slanting eyes of the Chinese and the Thibetans are said by some authorities to have been the result of a curse put upon a young Tartar prince who stole a golden brazier from the temple of a sun god in a spirit of defiance against his father's wise men. He was killed in a rebellion of his people, but after his death a son was born, and this son's eyes were set obliquely. The poor mother was forced to flee the country with her accursed son. She took refuge, so the legend runs, in the Himalaya mountains, where she raised her son to manhood. The young man's strangely deformed eyes attracted the attention of the people of the surrounding countryside, and after a while the chiefs of twelve neighboring tribes gathered to look at him.

The mother did not tell these chiefs that the slanting eyes were the result of a curse. She told them a fanciful tale about her son having been born to her in a temple, and that the idol, who really was its father, had told her to take her son to the mountain, where a great destiny would await him.

This the twelve chiefs believed, and they at once elected this strangely eyed young man to be their king His name was Gnya Btsan-po, and thus he became the first of the kings of Thibet. But even though this good fortune came to him, the "curse" had lost none of its potency, says the legend, for, behold! after that every child that was born had slanting eyes—and so they are in Thibet and all the surrounding country of China to this day—a "curse" that has lasted thousands of years, the superstitious believe, because a temple was defiled by theft.

So much for the early history of the Hope Diamond—how much of it is true, how much is legend or what part of it may be the confused history of some other great gem I do not know.

Now to return to the narrative of my own unimportant life. As I have already said, I was a good deal of a tomboy, and my mother was rather worried because I always preferred to play with the boys, and did not like little girls at all.

I liked to climb trees, and if there was a high fence to walk anywhere in my native town of Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, or a frisky horse to ride I was not satisfied until I had accomplished the adventure. Mother began to fear I was not growing up as a well-bred little girl ought to.

She had some German friends who advised her to send me to a school in Dresden. I was sent away like a bride in a C. O. D. package. In a big yellow trunk were packed "six of everything," in accordance with the school regulations. I was only ten years old, and didn't want to go at all, but mother was firm. She took me to the boat at the pier in New York, and sent me away with a tear and a kiss, in the care of the boat captain. When I arrived at Dresden there began four of the jolliest, happiest years of my life. I remained until I had finished my four years' course. At this school were the little daughters of some of America's best known families. I remember especially as classmates with whom I used to like to play Louise Corbin, of the "Long Island Corbins"; Edith Coowise, of Boston, and Edith, Lulu and Mamie, the famous Patton sisters, of Washington, D. C.

I know it has been said that I was a little savage and jumped to the stage from the gutter and climbed to the British aristocracy an ill-bred, ill-educated little ruffian. Well, this is really not the truth. In fact, before I left Madame Florence Leonharbie's school in Dresden I had passed examinations, which entitled me to a Government certificate in Germany, and they are pretty thorough in that country. I learned to talk, read and write German like a native; also French; music also. I was proficient in, but strange though it may seem I never had lessons in singing. I had a good natural voice, but it was not cultivated as voices now are.

Moreover, apart from a good, sound scholarship, I was taught thoroughly all the duties of a housewife. I can cook a dinner with any housewife in America, or make or mend any garment I need to wear.

I have always been impulsive, and my tomboy propensities when I was a youngster have often asserted themselves in freakish desires to do the unconventional. I don't mean that I liked to do things which were wrong, but things which, as the English would say, are "not always done.

My whole life has been shaped by just two of these freakish impulses. One resulted in my going on the stage. The other brought about my marriage to Lord Hope. They were far apart, one occurring when I was a school girl, the other when I was a successful star. I am going to tell about the first of them here. The other one of these incidents occurred much later in my life than during my school days, and I will tell of it later.

One day during the last months at the school in Dresden some of my classmates planned some school theatricals. They were to be tableaux, of course, since these were the only things we could originate. I was urged to take part, and as my especial chum, the daughter of a very rich Chicago family, also was asked, we decided that whatever we did would be together. We watched the other girls prepare their parts in the programme, some making up a shepherdess scene, others a milkmaid picture, others a little fairy spectacle, and so on.

A prankish thought came to me. The others all were doing such sedate things—I had been to the theatre so often I knew instinctively that while these tableax would be very pretty, they would hardly be entertaining to any one except mothers and fathers who, of course, would be proud of anything their young daughters did. I wondered what some of those staid mothers and fathers of the German students would say if we two American girls, who were without the sobering influence of nearby parents, should really do something "devilish." So in the secrecy of our room my chum and I planned to go out on that stage dressed in tights.

We had a great time making these tights. We got silk stockings and carefully knitted the upper part of one stocking onto the upper part of another; then cutting off the foot and ankle of one of them, until, out of eight stockings we had made two pairs of shimmering silk tights. We made trunks out of two red silk petticoats which we bought in a Dresden shop. For bodices we bought white shirt waists. Then we practiced a little dance.

We would not tell the other girls anything about our costumes, but rehearsed our dance in our usual school dresses. When the night of the tableaux arrived the school assembly hall, with its improvised stage at one end, was filled by a fashionable Dresden audience, with a brilliant sprinkling of officers of the guard regiment stationed at the Dresden barracks. These school theatricals always were great fun for the young officers.

My chum and I appeared with our long rain coats wrapped around us, and we held them tight, too, when other girls ran up and begged for a peek at our costumes. When the time came for us to run out of the wings onto the stage we suddenly flung our rain coats aside and tripped out into the glare of the footlights and in full view of the audience in our tights.

In later years I played many parts which called for scant costumes, but in all my professional life I could never have been persuaded to appear in such a costume as that one. I can realize now why, when we came from behind the scenes there was a quick gasp from the audience and then a minute of dense, pregnant silence. Then there was a shout from the German officers. The shout grew into a hilarious guffaw and a great din of pounding canes. I looked down into the audience and saw the faces of dignified, adipose mothers and fathers blanched white. But I didn't care. The approbation of the officers and the young men students from the nearby university was elixir to me. My chum and I whirled into our dance, kicking and jumping merrily, although not without a terrible fear on my part that the improvised tights would give way where we had sewn them onto the trunks, or perhaps the knitted juncture above our knees unravel.

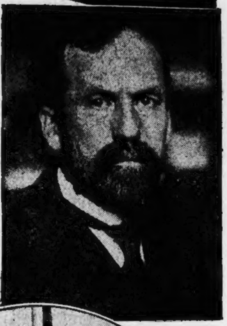
To say that our dance was a success is putting it mildly—it was a sensation. The other girls hugged and kissed us rapturously when we danced off the stage. But there was no such greeting from our teachers and the school authorities. We were almost expelled. Still, I had meant no harm. I didn't understand the heinousness of my offense—I just wanted to be different.

(To be Continued Next Sunday)

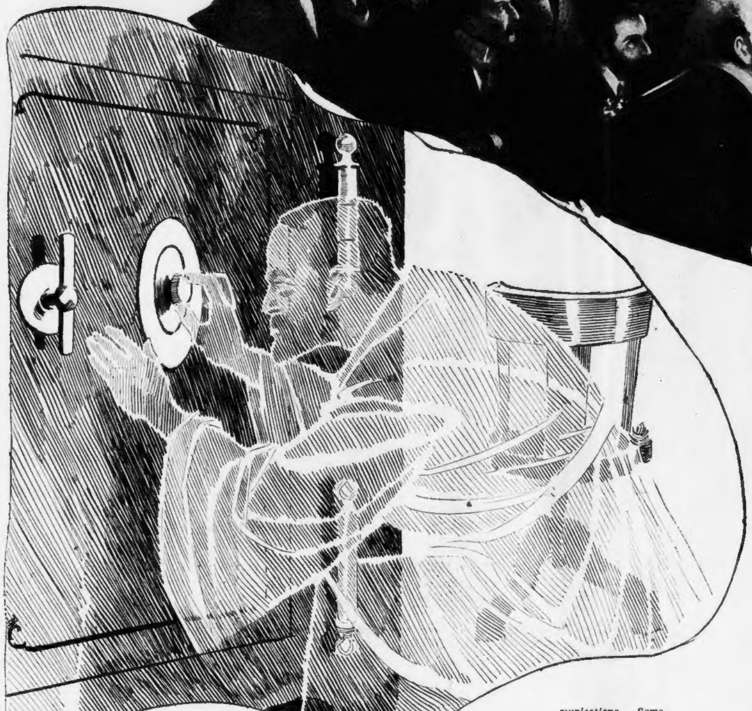
Will Prof. Hyslop's "Ghost" Reveal the Secret of the Letter in the Safe?

A Remarkable Painting by Raphael Sebatino, "There Is No Death." The Painting Was the Artist's Picture of a Spiritualistic Seance Carried on Under Scientific Auspices, in Which, It Was Claimed, Another Body "Materialized" from the Medium. Dr. Hyslop, Who Was One of the Scientists Attending, Is Seen as the Last Figure Among the Spectators.

How the Whole Spiritualistic World Is Waiting for the Message from Behind the Grave Which He Faithfully Promised to Send



The Late Dr. Hyslop, the Foremost of Scientific Investigators of Spiritualistic Phenomena, and Below Him a Flashlight of a Seance Which Revealed a Trumpet, as Shown, Suspended in the Air by, Apparently, No Visible Means.



"Somewhere in that hidden safe is the sealed letter whose reading may be the ultimate test of the truth of spiritualism. Will the ghostly hands of Dr. Hyslop open that safe and reveal its message?"

SOMEWHERE in New York, in a carefully locked steel safe, is a letter. What is written on that jealously concealed and guarded bit of paper no living being knows. Even where the safe is, no one knows. That letter was written, sealed and locked by Professor James Hervey Hyslop, one of the greatest scientific investigators of psychic phenomena that the world has known. Professor Hyslop died on June 17, 1920, at Upper Montclair, N. J., without having revealed the safe's whereabouts.

But like his friends, William James, Richard Hodgson and Hugo Munsterberg, Doctor Hyslop had promised to whisper across the void between our world and the world of the dead as soon after his death as he was able to establish communication with the living. That he failed to reveal where the safe is containing his letter was because, those of his friends who know the circumstances believe, Dr. Hyslop wanted the missive to be an absolute test of his identity if he were able so to communicate. Obviously, with no living person knowing where the letter was concealed, there could be no charges made afterward that the envelope had been secretly opened, the communication read and his message after death "faked."

Beside that letter probably are those written by Professors James and Munsterberg. Among all the messages, pretended or real, which spiritualistic mediums claim to have received from these two, none ever mentioned these letters. Complete failure of the test has been registered in their cases.

Will Doctor Hyslop succeed where they, if they be living in that other world, failed or forgot?

Will any of the dead scientist's friends and fellow investigators receive a message from the late Doctor Hyslop revealing the hiding place of the letter and its contents? If so, if any living being is enabled by such a communication to do this and if the message received conforms word for word to the letter when opened, it must be regarded as incontrovertible proof that we live after death has overtaken the body and that so living are able to communicate with those we have left behind on earth.

It has been more than a dozen years since a few fellow investigators and friends of the late scientist met at Dr. Hyslop's Summer home in the Adirondacks for the purpose of establishing a test that would seem to prove conclusively the survival of the spirit after death and the possibility of communication between the dead and the living. Each of those present wrote a note, taking all precautions to conceal the contents from the others. The notes were sealed and given to Dr. Hyslop to hide. No one of those who wrote the notes knew what the others had written and no one but Dr. Hyslop was to know where the notes were hidden. It is not known now, even, who all the other members of the little group were. The secret perished with Dr. Hyslop.

The agreement was that after each member of the group had died he was to try to communicate from the unknown world the contents of the note he had written.

Of the absolute sincerity of this test there can be no doubt. It was solemnly agreed that none of the letters should be tampered with or unsealed until a message should be received which should reveal their contents. Dr. Hyslop's reputation was such as to provide an iron clad guaranty of his own conduct. He seldom discussed the matter, and only once, when he let slip the word "safe," did he give any hint as to the whereabouts of the letters.

The test was guarded against all fraud or even what is called "suggestion" by Dr. Hyslop's scientifically thorough precautions. The usual method would be to seal such a letter and leave it in some spot known to at least one other person. But by keeping even the whereabouts of the letter unknown, Dr. Hyslop has provided a more difficult test than any before attempted, and one that would prove absolutely conclusive, he obviously considered, if successfully met.

Even Dr. Walter F Prince, acting director of research of the American Society for Psychical Research, on whom Dr. Hyslop's mantle may be said to have fallen, asserts his absolute ignorance of the details of the test. And if any living being shares Dr. Hyslop's secret, Dr. Prince would be the man.

"I do not know where the letters are hidden," he says, "nor do I know what is in them. Nor do I know who wrote them. I do not even know whether they exist at this moment."

Already the death of the distinguished psychic investigator has stirred the imaginations of dozens of spiritualistic mediums. From various sources come pretended conversations and messages from the late Dr. Hyslop. The society whose leading light he was has undertaken the investigation of some of these alleged communications. Some have been cast aside as being obviously false; others Dr. Prince considers worthy of exhaustive investigation.

But among all these pretended communications no medium has yet had the courage to say that he can reveal the secret of the letter in the safe!

The first of the pretended messages is said to have been received by a medium living in the upper part of New York City within a short time of Dr. Hyslop's death and several hours before the fact of his death had become generally known. The communication, which was transmitted by the medium to one of the society's investigators, said that when Dr. Hyslop reached the other side he was in a very weak condition, fatigued by his unusual journey, and pictured him as having been ministered to by Professor James. It is claimed that it would have been practically impossible for the medium to have learned of Dr. Hyslop's death except by psychic means at the time this alleged communication was received. Some of the society's investigators attribute this seeming miracle to telepathy or clairvoyance.

This first message was followed by a series of communications on the day following Dr. Hyslop's death, through another medium, to the effect that the Doctor got across the void without any trouble whatever, landed on the other shore strong and vigorous—so strong and vigorous that he was able to communicate with this world within a few moments after his death. While this is taken by some investigators to tend toward establishing the authenticity of the first communication, others point out that the messages contradict themselves.

Mrs. C. G. Sanders, who says she is a psychic for the society, asserts that messages have come continuously since noon of the day of Dr. Hyslop's death. Miss Tubby, in charge of the New York offices of the society, will not admit that any one connected with the organization has heard from Dr. Hyslop since his death. No official report has yet been issued.

But a Toronto psychist, Dr. Albert Durrant Watson, has given out the text of what he declares is a message from Dr. Hyslop, received on the third day after his death. If Dr. Watson has actually heard from Dr. Hyslop, and the American psychics have not, then Canada has scored a psychic "scoop" of no mean dimensions.

Dr. Watson, his medium, Louis Benjamin, and a Toronto banker came to New York at the invitation of a prominent composer who had witnessed a seance of theirs in Toronto. They arrived two days after Dr. Hyslop's death and held two seances. On both occasions, it is claimed, twenty or more persons of some prominence were present.

Benjamin, going into his trance, closed his eyes, took a few deep breaths, and, it is said, announced that he was in communication with Samuel Taylor Coleridge, the English poet, and later, with Professor William James, Abraham Lincoln and Plato. Coleridge is said to have announced:

"There is a prominent man among us who arrived only a few days ago. He is Dr. James Hervey Hyslop and desires to give a message to his friends. He requests that his friends on earth publish it for him."

Then, at Benjamin's dictation, Dr. Watson wrote a long message from Hyslop beginning: "I, James Hervey Hyslop, am sending now a short communication from the new world, where I find myself functioning as an entity, a person, an individual, one who has retained sufficient physical replica characteristics to be assured that survival is a fact, and that the continuity of individual existence is as true as the fact that he once lived in a physical world and was known as James Hervey Hyslop."

Dr. Hyslop did not lose a certain form of consciousness during the death experience, the message continued, and he denied that there was any symptom of suffering in the process of death. He had been cared for he said, when he reached the other side—"by old friends—delicacy prohibits the mention of their names——" A strange sense of delicacy, and one quite at variance with what might have been expected of Dr. Hyslop when engaged in an enterprise of this importance, say those who knew the great psychist in life.

The communication went on to say that an organization of scientists, psychologists, philosophers and teachers in the other world, "knowing that contact with other worlds has been established and is now as actual as wireless telegraphy and telephony, have decided almost at once to bridge the gulf and give scientific evidence of the authenticity of spirit communication."

The message concluded with the statement that Sir William Crookes, the famous English scientist, has been very busy during his sojourn beyond the grave and has perfected a machine which will record thought waves from the other world, all of which can be easily read by living people and will presumably take the place of human mediums. Professor Crookes, the "message" went on, would soon reveal the secret of this mechanism to a living inventor; but by just what method was not made clear.

As has been said, Professor James, Dr. Hodgson, Professor Munsterberg and others promised to communicate with the living when they had reached the other world. In 1911, the year after James's death, Dr. Hyslop received a supposed communication from the great Harvard psychologist and philosopher through the medium of a fifteen-year-old boy, the son of a well known clergyman, and later more messages were sent through Mrs. Chenoweth and Mrs. Snead, Boston mediums. At first Dr. Hyslop believed these messages authentic, but later he was quoted as having convinced himself that they were false.

At another time a Miss Gaule got a message or two from Hodgson in which Hodgson said he had seen James, then lecturing in England, in pink pajamas. Dr. Hyslop wrote James asking for verification of this important communication, and James replied that he had in fact donned the fancy night dress during an emergency.

Munsterberg is also said to have been heard from on several occasions. But there has been nothing very conclusive about these communications, nothing so "evidential" as phychists term it, that the case for spiritual communication has been proved to the satisfaction of impartial investigators.

Dr. Hyslop's explanation of the inconclusiveness of these tests, and of the incoherency of the messages in general was interesting. He believed that the spirit carries with it the same characteristics, weaknesses and virtues that it possessed at the moment of death. He thought that with the passing of time a spirit might forget mundane matters much as it might have forgotten them if still alive.

Furthermore, spirits were not very well able to control the thoughts that they passed on to mediums, he claimed. In the mind of a living person many thoughts are born and held without being expressed. The faculty that prevents their expression in words is called inhibition, and this faculty of inhibition, Dr. Hyslop held, was one not present in the makeup of spirits. Therefore, they sent to their mediums on this earth pretty much whatever was passing through their spiritual minds at the time, and this naturally would be incoherent.

Add to this the inhibitions of the medium—the process of selecting certain thoughts for translation and the repressing of others—and the details for which telepathy is held responsible, and it is quite logical that the spiritualistic messages should be vague and sometimes difficult to provide with a meaning, he asserted.

But Dr. Hyslop knew that the supreme test—that of the hidden letters—had not been met by his predecessors in the journey to the great beyond. And he was convinced that by this test the existence of spirits could be proved beyond cavil. So it is difficult to believe that he would forget the location of the letters, or the sense, if not the wording of what he had written.

The earnestness, sincerity and ability of Dr. Hyslop are not be doubted. He gave up the best years of his life to investigation of psychical phenomena, braving ridicule and disbelief heroically.

Will he appear to some old friend, or to some medium peculiarly sensitive to the psychic waves? Will he make known the exact location of the safe and describe the contents of his letter? Will he, in company with his fellow scientists and delvers into the depths of the unknown, point the way to a constant, easy, accurate communication with those who have gone before and rob death of all the mystery and fear with which it has been enshrouded since man has known it?

Hidden Treasure

By David Whitelaw

(Continued from Last Sunday)

CHAPTER V.—(*Continued.*)

Another Victim.

"SO, my little Jacquelin—that will make nine since the 10th of August—no, don't shout, it's quite useless." As Remy spoke a gust of wind swept the orchard, moaning and rustling dismally through the branches. "Besides, it would only hurry matters—you would die a little earlier—that's all."

The man against the tree bent his eyes on Remy.

"And your reputation. I knew you as soon as you entered the room yonder. Remy de Perancourt knows most of the Public Safety men."

For a moment surprise drove the fear from Jacquelin's eyes.

"You are one of Gaspard de Dartigny's men?"

The man on the wall made a sardonic bow.

"At your service, citizen. We are a merry band, are we not? We pay in the coin we receive. 'Kill, kill!' yells the Tribunal, and 'Kill, kill!' say we. You have often wanted to meet Gaspard, eh—he whose lieutenants strike where they find? Why did you not call on the perfumier, Caron, at the corner of the Rue des Canettes?—what a rich haul you would have had! I am telling you this, Jacquelin, because secrets are safe with you forever. To-night you go to your tribunal."

"You would kill me here—a bound man? Monsieur, you are a soldier—your honor"——

Remy slid down from the wall and brought his eyes very close to those of the informer. A new note had taken the place of the banter in his voice.

"Yes, you are bound; I would perhaps release you, but I have not the time. My brother, Armand de Perancourt, was bound when your hellish crowd delivered him to the executioner. Yes, there were women in the tumbril with him that day — bound — bound — all bound! Think you that Sanson or Outredebanque would receive their guests for the fete of Madame Guillotine if they were not rendered helpless? No, little citizen, 'Equality' in all things. That is your watchword, is it not? We of Gaspard's company are sworn to kill when and how we please, so long as no mercy is shown. Does one consider the feelings of the viper beneath the heel—the manner of killing the rat?"

The man of the people did not take his eyes from his tormentor. On the gray face the perspiration stood out in little globules. He struggled with his bonds and made as though to cry out. But the wind took the gasping moan which fluttered from his white lips and sported with it and whirled it out over the fields. Remy drew a pistol from his pocket and cocked it.

He said no more after this, but sat and listened for a gust of wind of sufficient sound to deaden the coming shot. Jacquelin, divining his purpose, listened also. They could hear it away up the road, whistling through the little wood that lay on the hillside. Nearer it came, plowing through the fantastic shapes of the fruit trees and scattering the blossoms like snow. Then it was upon them—passed and went sobbing away over the plains.

The grass at the spot in the orchard where the execution took place grew high, and a heap of straw manure stood near by. As Remy returned to the inn the moon coming from behind a bank of cloud shone on an apple tree, peppered with petals. The trunk from which the branches spread out their twisted arms was hoary with age and patched with gray green lichen. Near the ground there was a darker patch, showing with a sinister significance.

The hostess was in the kitchen when the young man pushed open the door.

"Your guest, citizeness, has decided to go on to Lilleburne. The rain has ceased and he has gone on foot. He wishes you to let the horse rest the night in the stable here and send it on to him in the morning at the 'Wolf.'"

Left alone, Remy took out his pistol and on the stock of it he cut a notch, the ninth which showed there; then, taking the bottle and two glasses, went, whistling, up the little staircase to rejoin the Marquis de Dartigny.

The old man was standing at the window, but he faced round when his companion entered.

"What has happened, Remy? It was you, was it not, who went out just now? There were two—only one returned."

Remy Perancourt sat down on the edge of the bed and laughed shortly.

"Yes, there were two," he said. "I left the bantam from Paris in the orchard, Monsieur le Marquis." Remy looked at the nobleman keenly. "Perhaps you do not understand the work your son and his followers have undertaken? Six of us there were who met at the perfumier's in the Rue des Canettes—there are four now. The Committee of Public Safety are not the only men in France who prepare lists; there are others whose lists are every bit as fatal. The 'patriot' who lies out there was on mine. I knew him at once; Henri Jacquelin is notorious in the Marais section; it was he who sent the Comte de Massarey and his daughter to the guillotine. She was seventeen, monsieur—and as fair as a lily."

A sob came into the young man's voice and he paused a moment; then:

"Can you wonder, Monsieur le Marquis, that we little band of men kill these reptiles when we meet them? All of us have lost relatives or friends; and until we, too, follow them to the scaffold we are sworn to kill. Oh! you have not seen what we have seen—you have not heard the prayers of maidens in the tumbril! It is not the people—the poor devils who swallow the lies of their leaders and are driven like a pack of silly sheep. They shout through fear of their masters, and, believe me, I have seen deeds of heroes among the canaille who surround the scaffold—have even seen a man smuggled out from among the condemned. Oh! I am anxious, monsieur, to get back to Paris and to my work. Perhaps my own time is short and there is so much to do first—so much—to do."

The Marquis laid his hand on the young man's shoulder.

"It is not for me to judge your actions, Remy, nor those of Gaspard. I can only weep for my poor country. We move in troublous times, without hope, without faith, and I cannot judge things by the old standard. We will go to bed now, Remy; we will start early to-morrow. Sylvia should be at Fecamp by now. God grant they have met with no mishap."

The Marquis de Dartigny slept but little that night. The wind moaned dismally around the eaves of the old buildings and whistled through the orchard. He thought of the man he had seen in the room downstairs, and in his imagination he saw the white face gazing up from the sodden grass, staring with unseeing eyes through the blossoms and leaves of the apple trees.

But Remy de Perancourt had no such morbid fancies. His tale would be good to relate at the next meeting in the Rue des Canettes, and he slept like a child, his hand clasped loosely round the stock of the pistol with the nine notches.

Two days after the happenings at the "Croix d'Argent" a little party could have been seen leaving the back door of the "Tavern de la Lune" at Fecamp. The little Sylvia, barely awake, lay in the arms of the old Marquis. Susan, stolid as ever, carried the rugs and the small chest, which contained a portion of the wealth of the Dartignys, and which had been safer in Susan's care than that of the men. Remy was there, too, and a small, dark man, with rings in his ears, who led them down the steep path between the gorse-covered rocks to the little silver crescent of sand.

By order of the authorities all sailing craft had to be unrigged each night, but here, beneath a rock, a small rowing-boat lay in waiting; the oars had been buried near by in the sand, but now lay ready to hand.

The sea was steel-gray before them, its surface cut up into little waves by the wind that was blowing from the shore. The eastern sky was aglow with opal and shell-pink. Half a mile from shore and almost hidden in the mists of the morning a chasse marie rode at anchor, her three masts showing faintly.

Remy watched the little party embark, waving to them as, under the strong strokes of the oarsmen, they sped toward the vessel. Then, when the mists had swallowed them up, he turned and set his face toward Paris.

CHAPTER VI.

The Body on the Roof.

"STRANGE, isn't it, Cantle, that Mr. Hubert hasn't written—this is the 21st?"

The clerk, who stood by Robert Baxenter's desk in the green-curtained private office, gave a little cough behind the sheaf of papers he held in his hand.

"Mr. Hubert, sir, likes me to feel free when he goes away—wanderlust, I think, they call it."

"Wander—grandmother! I know all about that. But this time I can't understand it at all. That affair of the Mackinnon Trust must be decided this week, and here's a letter from Captain Freemantle, saying he is calling to-day about the mortgage on Prierly Manor. To tell the truth, I've never looked closely into that Mackinnon affair, and it's not like Mr. Hubert to leave things to the junior partner in this way. It rather puts me in a hole."

Robert Baxenter paused a moment, his brows puckered in annoyance, then:

"What hotel are you sending his letters to, Cantle?"

"As usual, Mr. Baxenter, the 'Maurice.' If he leaves Paris he always tells the manager where to send on to."

"Then I think it would be as well if you were to send a reply-paid wire to the manager. Just ask if Mr. Baxenter arrived on the 15th, as he intended. I don't know what it is, Cantle, but I have the feeling as though something were wrong. Send the wire now, will you? We can go through the letters afterward."

The old clerk placed his sheaf of papers on the edge of the solicitor's desk and went back to the main office.

Edward Cantle had entered the firm of Baxenter in the late sixties and was now as much part and parcel of the establishment as the brass plate on the door, the keeping bright of which had been his early care. Slightly bent and with white hair and small side-whiskers, he looked all of the sixty-one years to which he laid claim.

The principals of the firm had time and time again thought of pensioning off the old fellow, but at the least suggestion of such a calamity the keen brown eyes, which seemed so strangely out of place between the shaggy white brows, would flash in defiance—and so it was more than probable that Edward Cantle would live to his last day among the dusty ledgers and japanned deed-boxes of the solicitor's office.

He took a sheaf of forms from his desk and wrote out the telegram to the hotel in Paris; then, ascertaining from Mr. Robert that there was nothing among the letters to need his immediate attention, he took down his overcoat, then his silk hat, from the peg beside the door, brushed it tenderly upon his sleeve, and passed out into the teeming life of the Strand. He dispatched the message himself from the office at the top of Arundel street and turned his steps again toward the Baxenter premises.

He had gone but a few steps when he pulled up sharp and turned to a little man who had touched him on the arm. The man was respectably dressed, and his keen, intelligent face showed signs of nervous excitement and strain.

"Why—Jowett"——

"Oh, Mr. Cantle, I'm so glad I met you. Mr. Baxenter—Mr. Hubert, I mean—is he in—can I see him—has he been here—has"——

Cantle took the man's arm and led him slowly down one of the quiet streets that run steep down to the Embankment.

"Now, Jowett—one question at a time. What is this mystery about Mr. Hubert—what do you know?"

"I only know, Mr. Cantle, that I was to return to meet my master at Mortimer Terrace yesterday. I went there—and again to-day. Perhaps you'll laugh at me, sir, but the house somehow looked—oh, I can't say how—only it looked deathly."

Cantle turned on him sharply.

"Don't be a fool, Jowett; how can bricks and mortar look deathly? Come, we won't worry Mr. Robert yet; we'll go to Mortimer Terrace together."

The old man, without waiting for an answer, hailed a cab that was crawling up toward the Strand, and within half an hour they drew up at the residence of Mr. Hubert Baxenter. Truly the house looked strangely desolate, with its shrouded windows and the accumulated litter of bills and circulars on the dusty steps.

There are some who assert that a crime brings in its wake an atmosphere of its own, and that an intangible air of tragedy pervades the scene of murder. If this is so, then No. 9 Mortimer Terrace was surely beneath some evil influence.

Even old Edward Cantle, prosaic as he was, felt it as he pushed open the little iron gate and made his way up the gravel path. It seemed to him that he stood on the threshold of some mystery and that discoveries and happenings were in the air. He looked at Jowett and saw that the valet's face was chalky and drawn into tense lines around the mouth and eyes.

The old man gave a little cough to steady his voice.

"Have you a key, Jowett?"

"No, Mr. Cantle; Mr. Hubert was to have arrived at Charing Cross yesterday morning very early—about five, I think. He would come home here and I was to meet him at nine o'clock."

The old clerk regarded the house intently, rubbing a nervous hand over his shaven chin.

"There is a window, perhaps?"

For answer the valet turned and led the way round to the back of the house, taking a little winding path half hidden by evergreens. He stopped at a square window which gave light to the kitchen—a room which, although scarcely a basement, had its floor a foot or so beneath the level of the garden.

Jowett gave a look at his companion and began to work at the hasp with a penknife. In a few minutes the sash was raised and the two men stood together upon the floor of the little scullery which adjoined the kitchen.

If an air of horror had been manifest on the outside of the house, it was more apparent still in the musty interior. For some reason which he would have found difficulty in explaining, Edward Cantle walked on tip-toe, crossing to where the stairs showed dimly.

It was deadly silent, and as the men entered the dining room the scene of desolation and stillness was marked indeed. All was as it had been left a week ago. The cards lay scattered over the table, and a few had fallen on the carpet; the chairs seemed as though they might have just been pushed back when the players had risen from their game. The clock on the mantelpiece had stopped at twenty minutes to ten, and the air was foul with the stale odor of spirits and tobacco smoke. Over everything was a thin layer of dust.

Cantle crossed the room and pulled aside the curtains, the rings making a harsh rattle against the brass poles. He unfastened the French windows and pushed them back, and the cool morning air seemed to leap past him into the house. He stood for a moment on the little balcony, then a cry from his companion sent him hurrying back into the room.

The valet was standing at the folding doors, his face a mask of terror, gray and drawn. He was

(Continued on Next Page)

Don't Be a Useless Weakling

STRONGFORT
The Perfect Man

Weak, sickly anaemic men have no choice in the battle of life. Nobody gives them a second thought—they don't count. The STRONG man is the one everybody looks up to; who makes friends on every hand, who gets ahead in the world, who wins the woman he wants, who **makes a success of life.**

You never will get anywhere worth while, if you allow the poison of constipation to seep through your system, stealing away your energy and befogging your brain. You can't do any work that counts, if you are wracked by chronic dyspepsia and indigestion. You won't make friends to help you on, if biliousness, or any other ailment, makes you a sickly grouch.

Get Rid of Your Handicaps

You can do it—you can free yourself of the ailments that are making it impossible for you to do good work and advance—that sooner or later will cause you to lose your present job. You can build yourself up; develop your muscles, clear your brain, strengthen every vital organ and start fresh in the race of life, if you will only FACE THE FACTS AND ACT.

It doesn't make any difference what your present condition is or even if your own early indiscretions brought you to it—**make up your mind to remedy it.** Go about it the right way, and you will WIN OUT.

STRONGFORTISM

Strongfortism is simply Nature's way of curing human ills and building up the human organism. No patent medicines or druggist's dope about it. No artificial system of tiring exercises; no fancy frills of any kind—**Just Nature's Way of Living Life.** Strongfortism has rescued thousands of men from the scrapheap of debilitated, wornout manhood. Strongfortism has cleared away the ailments that broke them down and has given them new life and hope and vigor.

SEND FOR MY FREE BOOK

"Promotion and Conservation of Health, Strength and Energy" will tell you all about the Science of Strongfortism. You would gladly pay good money for that book, if you knew what it would do for you. IT'S FREE. **Send for a copy to-day**—NOW. You can't afford to be without it. Enclose three 2c stamps, for packing and postage, and I'll mail you a copy at once.

LIONEL STRONGFORT
Physical and Health Specialist
1342 Strongfort Institute, NEWARK, N. J.

Don't throw it away
Mend it with MENDETS

DON'T give high-priced cooking utensils, graniteware, aluminum, copper, tin, etc., to the junkman because they leak.

Mend them with Mendets. These patented patches are as easily applied as snapping your fingers.

Require no heat, solder, cement or rivets—just tighten and the leak is watertight.

Mendets stand extreme heat, last as long as the pan, fit any angle. They mend hot-water bags.

A 10c or 25c package, of assorted sizes, will prove a wonderful economy. Half million a week sold by hardware, department and 5 & 10 cent stores, grocery and drug stores. Look for the MENDETS Counter Display.

COLLETTE MFG. CO., Amsterdam, N. Y.
[illegible]: Ask your jobber about the Mendets Offer or write us

Large Box, Fifty Cents

BOURJOIS' JAVA FACE POWDER

The Perfect Summer Powder

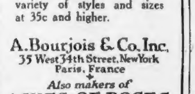
NOT only is Bourjois' "Java" *always* the ideal face powder, but its clinging adherence, defying even the atmospheric moisture of seashore and lakeside, makes it the *perfect* summer powder.

Its subtle fineness imparts to Madame's skin an appearance of coolness that completes the dainty effect of sheer summer apparel.

For the complexion that is enhanced by a touch of color, Bourjois offers "Ashes of Roses" (Pat. Off. Reg. U. S.) a French hand-made rouge of unique naturalness, in a large variety of styles and sizes at 35c and higher.

A. Bourjois & Co. Inc.
35 West 34th Street, New York
Paris, France

Also makers of
ASHES OF ROSES
(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)



In this office Frank W. Woolworth put in the final years of work on his greatest achievement—his "chain" of stores that numbered 1038 at the time of his death in 1919

From photograph by New York Times

Can you accomplish more by ceaselessly driving—?

Woolworth answered this question when he furnished this spacious office

STARTING at scratch, without resources or backing, Frank W. Woolworth built one of the world's largest retail store organizations and the world's tallest building. His final creative work on his "chain" of over a thousand stores was done from an office in his own towering sky-scraper, where today Hubert T. Parson is carrying on the enterprise of the great leader.

The office itself is just as Woolworth left it—a spacious work-room filled with splendid objects of art. During brief moments of relaxation, these beautiful surroundings brought Woolworth the refreshment that he needed. Woolworth knew the value of *relaxing momentarily.* He knew that ceaseless driving does not bring the greatest results.

All the world's leaders have learned the secret of alternating work with frequent, *brief* moments of rest. In this way they save themselves from break-down under long, tense hours of effort.

There are a dozen simple ways of getting this *momentary relaxation.*

A new way to snatch a moment of real relaxation

Most of us have noticed, for example, that just washing the hands is often wonderfully restful. The next time you wash, use Jergens Violet Soap, and see what a delicious feeling of cool, fragrant cleanliness this simple act gives you—how it soothes both body and mind.

This soap contains a remarkable cooling agent that refreshes and stimulates. The instant the cake touches the water it releases the living fragrance of violets.

Whenever you feel nervous or fatigued—use Jergens Violet Soap. The same qualities that refresh you when you are tired, make it delightful for general use.

You can get Jergens Violet Soap wherever soap is sold—15 cents a cake.

Send 6 cents for a guest size cake

Send us 6 cents and we will mail you a small cake of this refreshing soap. Write today to The Andrew Jergens Company, 6545 Spring Grove Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Company, Limited, 6545 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario

JERGENS VIOLET SOAP
TRANSPARENT

Charming Love--Surprising Mystery--Exciting Adventure

(Continued from Preceding Page)

making movements with his throat and mouth as though he wished to speak, and he pointed with a crooked forefinger that shook pitifully to the pile of luggage in the corner of the bedroom.

"Look, Mr. Cantle—I knew something had happened; I felt it—I packed those bags for him, Mr. Cantle—my poor master never left London," and Jowett sank trembling on to the Chesterfield, his face buried in his hands.

The mystery of the situation was communicating itself rapidly to his companion. Cantle touched the little man on the shoulder.

"Come, Jowett," he said, "this affair is too——Mr. Robert must be told. Come; don't touch a thing. This is a matter for the police."

Silently the two men locked up the windows and left the ghostly room. As they did so the old clerk stooped and picked up a small piece of folded paper. It was part of a sheet of letter paper; the few words on the fragment were unimportant, and were evidently part of a score of some card game. He slipped it into the pocket of his great-coat and left the house with Jowett.

"The chimney sweep, ascending through the trap-door of an attic to right matters, noticed a curious shape huddled beneath the coping. It was the body of a man."

When Cantle entered Robert Baxenter's office that gentleman was reading the telegram from Paris which had just arrived. He was visibly excited.

"What does it all mean, Cantle—my cousin never reached the 'Maurice?'"

"I know that, Mr. Robert," answered the old clerk quietly—and told his tale.

The detective sent from the "Yard" to inquire into the disappearance of Mr. Hubert Baxenter was rather a heavy official, and the secret of Mortimer Terrace might never have been elucidated had not a sweep's broom at No. 8 become fixed in the kitchen chimney of that residence a fortnight later.

The chimney sweep, ascending through the trap door of an attic to right matters, noticed a curious shape huddled beneath the coping of the next roof. Investigating further, he found that it was the body of a man—a young man in evening dress except for a Norfolk jacket, and that the cause of death was not apparent.

And then London roused and shook itself and said nasty things about the police and Scotland Yard, and gave themselves up to the delights of this new sensation. The illustrated Morning Press threw itself into the matter body and soul, and photographs ranging in interest from a picture of the late Mr. Baxenter at the age of twelve to the sweep's entire family taken picturesquely in a back garden kept public interest at fever heat until a divorce case of more than usual sporting interest pushed the crime of Mortimer Terrace into second place—and so by easy stages into its niche as another of the undiscovered mysteries of the Great City.

CHAPTER VII.

Alias Baptiste Dartin.

VIVIAN RENTON had in his short but evil life played many and varied parts, and his nefarious schemes had taken him often to the city which, being the hub of the ever-speeding Wheel of Pleasure, offers a happy hunting ground to those who live by their wits—and by the lack of them in others.

In fact, Vivian knew Paris as he knew the palm of his hand, and his mastery of the language was no less perfect. Ordinarily his French possessed the cultured accent that one hears spoken so much in Brussels; but, did he wish it, he could roll out the idiomatic jargon of Montmartre or the speech of the provinces with equal ease.

It was not usual for the immaculate Vivian Renton to take up his quarters anywhere but within a hundred yards of the Place de l'Opera, and his friends would, had they known, have expressed surprise that he had this time chosen an unpretentious resting place in the Quartier. The Cafe du Dome was situated at the junction of the Boulevard Raspail with the Montparnasse, and Vivian found it both comfortable and secluded, and eminently suited to the game he had on hand. For it was a deep game and one which, for the present, he intended to play single handed. It was hardly likely that he would meet any of his acquaintances at the Cafe du Dome.

It is somewhat awkward when one is engaged in changing one's outward appearance to run against even the best of friends. It calls for explanations—and Vivian did not wish to explain his presence in Paris, nor the reason that he had altered the fashion and color of his hair, nor why he had decided that a pointed beard and waxed moustaches suited him better than a clean-shaved chin and lip.

And now it would have to be a very intimate friend indeed who would see in the little dapper Frenchman who, under the name of M. Baptiste Dartin, passed a placid existence at the Cafe du Dome, the erstwhile Vivian Renton.

The metamorphosis from the Saxon to the Gaul had been as gradual as it had been thorough. During the time that he had been in Paris—and it was now mid-January—he had not been heard to utter a single word of English and he had never been seen reading an English paper. It would perhaps be useful, he told himself, in the future to feign an ignorance of his native tongue.

True, he walked each morning to the little kiosk opposite the Gare Montparnasse and purchased the Paris edition of the Daily Mail, but this was quickly hidden in the folds of Le Matin and read only in the privacy of his apartment, or perhaps some secluded seat in the Luxembourg Gardens.

He devoured with avidity the details of the affair at Regent's Park and he noted with satisfaction how his connection with the crime was not even hinted at. After all, he did not see how it could be otherwise unless he had left some stupid clue behind him. There was only one other man who was at the card-party at the solicitor's house—and Eddie Haverton was hardly the one, voluntarily, to place himself in the searchlight of publicity. His career was quite notorious enough without the aid of the sensational press.

It was another case in which the police were entirely at fault. London had been searched for the parties who had been playing cards with the deceased man. But no one knew of his acquaintance with Eddie and Vivian and there was no shadow of a clue.

He thought sometimes of the scrap of paper he had placed under the chair and which he did not remember having picked up again. But the few words which were on it had no connection with the case and certainly did not bear his name. A few notes he had taken on a game of cards—that was all, which could hardly be identified with him. He cursed himself, nevertheless, for his carelessness and hoped that this faint clue had escaped detection. There was no mention of it in the papers, and Vivian told himself that had it been found it would have been photographed and published in the hopes of identification.

The man in Paris had noticed the accounts getting less and more meagre, until now, for a fortnight, with the exception of an interview with the sweep's aged mother, they had entirely ceased, and Vivian began to look into the task he had set himself.

The preliminaries, as it were, being now satisfactorily arranged and his identity sunk in that of Baptiste Dartin, he gave himself up, with the thoroughness which showed in all his doings, to the matter in hand—which was no less than to pierce the more-than-a-century-old secret of the wealth of the Dartignys.

He read greedily every line of writing he could procure from the archives relating to the history and records of the time of terror which swept France in the seventeen-nineties. His room at the hotel was a library of books dealing with the period, and in Wallon's records he came across what he sought—the mention of the death of Gaspard de Dartigny. There were others of the family mentioned by Wallon who had gone to the guillotine in those fateful years of '93 and '94—Gaston in June, Pierre in August, Sophie in the same month and Marguerite in the following January. Truly the hand of the Revolution had fallen heavily on the lords of Chauville. Vivian traced the origin and the history of the famous family and its many branches, and he put beyond all doubt that these red years had, to all intents and purposes, wiped them out root and bough.

But he decided to pay a visit of inspection to the district of Chauville. He would study also the archives in the adjacent town of Blois, giving out as an excuse that he was writing a history of the Revolution and was studying the subject on the spot. It was necessary that he should make himself acquainted with the lie of the land round the chateau which he intended adopting as his ancestral home.

Still, Vivian told himself that it would be foolish to hurry matters. It would be as well for the Baxenter family to recover from one affair before another bolt was launched upon them in the shape of a claimant for the de Dartigny chest. Perhaps even the astute brain of the reigning Baxenter might be inclined to associate the two events, and the claimant had no wish to court more inquiries than need be.

It was a bright morning in early February when M. Baptiste Dartin set out to walk the two miles which separated the little village of Massey from the ancient town of Blois.

It had snowed heavily the night before, but now the sky was blue and cloudless, and the sun shone with dazzling brilliance on the white which mantled the plains and clotted the tops of the pine trees in the forests. A thin edging of ice ringed the banks of the little marshy lakes, which, dotted here and there, reflected the glory of the morning sky. The towers and battlements of the town he had left behind him rose in graceful clusters above the snow-covered roofs. From the belfry of the church the sound of bells stole across the plain, melodious in the still air.

The traveller lunched at the comfortable inn which, together with the Chateau de Chauville and some half-dozen cottages, made up the village of Massey. During the meal, which he ordered to be served in the large front room, he entered into conversation with the landlord, who (the district not attracting visitors in the Winter months) was glad to join M. Dartin in a bottle of the excellent claret the cellars of his inn afforded.

Yes, the castles of the country round Blois were very beautiful—was monsieur going far?—merely walked out from the town to lunch—yes—the snow had not been deep enough to make bad walking—no—ah!—but monsieur should stay the night—one day—two days—a week—there was so much to see——

The stranger interrupted the flow of talk.

"I have heard and read of the Chauville estate, and I"——

The excitable little landlord of the "Three Lilies" jumped up, and crossing to the door pointed with many gesticulations to where two white towers with conical-shaped roofs rose above the trees.

"Monsieur is fortunate. Monsieur de Barron is away—oh, no, not Dartigny—they are dead—the caretaker is a friend of mine, a fine fellow, he will show monsieur everything. You would like to go to him?"

Dartin was anxious, but diplomatic.

"Above all things—after I have had some of that delicious coffee which the good madam is preparing. It smells good, and—ah, a little drop of cognac."

A stone bridge spanned the half-frozen surface of the moat and led to the main entrance of the chateau, a massive gateway flanked by little white towers. Above it, on a block of stone, were the remains of a carved escutcheon, battered and defaced almost out of all recognition. The caretaker, who had been nodding over his fire in the little gateroom, welcomed the landlord of the "Three Lilies" and his guest effusively. To show a stranger over the great house of which he held the keys was to him a source of never-ending delight.

As he led them through the courtyard his tongue was busy recounting snatches of the romantic history of the Dartignys. The old fellow seemed to live in the glories of the past. Here, from the doorway, the Marquis and a Monsieur Perancourt took their departure, disguised as a wine merchant and his clerk. Yes, they reached England; but the nobleman returned, and he was not seen again after the death of his son. Ah! it was a sad time, that of the Revolution.

The old caretaker shook his head as he recounted the history.

"No, monsieur, there are no Dartignys left now. There was one who appeared as a claimant in the early part of 1800. He was an emigre, monsieur, and he had no money and could not fight his claim. He disappeared at last, monsieur, and went with two or three other ruined nobles to Ottawa to begin life again."

The chateau, the visitor learned, had been attacked by a mob of patriots led by a friend of Carrier, the infamous butcher of Nantes. This gentleman, with an eye, no doubt, to personal plunder, restrained the fury of the attackers, who, after demolishing the chapel and the carvings and armorial bearings over the gates and fireplaces and finding no living beings on which to gratify their blood-lust, passed on to more exciting game. The castle ultimately fell into the possession of a prominent Jacobin, who, shortly after the fall of Robespierre, followed his illustrious leader to the scaffold.

The estate after that had fallen into a state bordering on decay, until, in 1860, it was restored by a Monsieur de Barron, a financier, in whose possession it now remained. The building had changed but little in style since the days of the last marquis, and the new owner had so far respected history that he had left the battered escutcheons and restored only what was quite necessary to comfort.

The traveller from Blois was a good listener, and on his return to the "Three Lilies" he was able to fill two pages of his notebook with useful data pertaining to the ancient family of the Dartignys. The gentleman who had gone to Canada particularly interested him, and reference to the notes which he had accumulated in Paris easily located him as the only child of a certain Yvette, sister to the Marquis. This lady, Vivian noted with satisfaction, ascended the scaffold in the Carrousel quite early in the days of the Terror.

He told himself that it was through this emigrant to the New World that his path lay to the chest reposing in the strong-room of the firm of Baxenter. For a few days he lingered in the neighborhood of the chateau, then returned to Paris.

On the 20th of February the good ship Touraine left Havre for Montreal. On its passenger list figured the name of Baptiste Dartin.

Copyright, 1920, International Fiction Service, Inc.

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

Free to Writers!
A WONDERFUL BOOK—read about it! Tells how easily Stories and Plays are conceived, written, perfected, sold. How many who don't DREAM they can write suddenly find it out. How the Scenario Kings and the Story Queens live and work. How bright men and women, without any special experience, learn to their own amazement that their simplest Ideas may furnish brilliant plots for Plays and Stories. How one's own imagination may provide an endless gold-mine of Ideas that bring Happy Success and Handsome Cash Royalties. How new writers get their names into print. How to tell if you ARE a writer. How to develop your "story fancy," weave clever word-pictures and unique, thrilling, realistic plots. How your friends may be your worst judges. How to avoid discouragement and the pitfalls of Failure. HOW TO WIN! This surprising book, called "The Wonder Book for Writers," is ABSOLUTELY FREE. No charge. No obligation. YOUR copy is waiting for you. Write for it NOW. Just address
AUTHORS' PRESS, Dept. 41, Auburn, N. Y.

BE A REAL MAN!
LOOK LIKE ONE AND FEEL LIKE ONE
Broaden your shoulders, deepen your chest, enlarge your arms, and get a development that will attract attention. Fill yourself full of energy and be powerful.
My New Book "Muscular Development" Will Explain How
This book is illustrated with 25 full page photographs of myself and of some of the world's finest developed athletes I have trained. It will interest and benefit you greatly. Send 10c (stamps or coin) for a copy NOW, today, while it is on your mind.
EARLE LIEDERMAN, Dept. 1107, 203 Broadway, New York City

YOU TRY Writing the words for a song I'LL WRITE THE MUSIC
SUBMIT YOUR SONG POEMS ON ANY SUBJECT FOR MY PERSONAL CRITICISM AND ADVICE. ACCEPTABLE WORDS WILL BE REVISED, FURNISHED WITH APPROPRIATE MUSIC, COPYRIGHTED AND EXPLOITED UNDER MY ORIGINAL METHODS FOR FACILITATING THE PUBLICATION OR OUTRIGHT SALE OF SONGS. VALUABLE BOOKLET ON SONG WRITING SENT FREE ON REQUEST. WRITE TO ME TO-DAY
E. S. S. Huntington
14 GAIETY THEATRE BLD. NEW YORK.

End Gray Hair
Let Science Show You How
Convince Yourself Free
For years science has sought a way of restoring gray hair to its natural color. Now that way is found. Thousands of women have restored the natural color of their hair with Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer.
Mary T. Goldman's Scientific Hair Color Restorer
FREE Send today for a free trial bottle and our special comb. Be sure and state the exact color of your hair.
Try it on a lock of your hair. Note the result. And how it differs from old-fashioned dyes. Write today.
MARY T. GOLDMAN, 1453 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.
Accept No Imitations—For Sale by Druggists Everywhere

Sure Relief
BELL-ANS FOR INDIGESTION 25 CENTS
6 BELL-ANS Hot water Sure Relief
BELL-ANS FOR INDIGESTION

FRECKLES
Now Is the Time to Get Rid of These Ugly Spots.
There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as Othine—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots.
Simply get an ounce of Othine—double strength—from your druggist and apply a little of it night and morning, and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than one ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful clear complexion.
Be sure to ask for the double strength Othine, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.

Gray Hair Restored
"WALNUTTA" HAIR STAIN
Restores Color to Gray, Streaked or Bleached Hair or Moustache. Gives any shade from light brown to black. Does not wash or rub off. Contains no poison and is not sticky nor greasy. Sold by all druggists, or we will send you a Trial Size Free, large size (eight times as much) 60c. If druggist don't sell it send direct to us. Send the yellow wrapper from two bottles purchased from druggists and we'll give you a full-sized bottle for nothing. NICHOLS CO., 2200 Clark Ave., St. Louis, Mo. Send This Advertisement and GET FREE SAMPLE

Reduce Your Flesh
Exactly where desired by wearing
Dr. Walter's Famous Medicated Reducing Rubber Garments
For Men and Women. Cover the entire body or any part. Endorsed by leading physicians. Send for illustrated Booklet.
Dr. Jeanne A. W. Walter, 353 Fifth Ave., New York. Billings Bldg., 4th Fl. (Entrance on 34th St., 3d Door East)
Bust Reducer, $6.00 Chin Reducer, $2.50
San Francisco Representative, Adele Millar Co., 345 Stockton St.

IMPROVE YOUR LOOKS
Important discoveries. Enable every woman to possess greatest beauty and earning capacity. Taught by largest Personal Culture School in the world. Scientific care of face and scalp, Facial Massage, Electrolysis, Scalp Treatments, Shampooing, Manicuring, Marcel Waving, etc. Short courses in any branch if desired. Send NOW for Free Facts.
National School of Cosmeticians Affiliated with MARINELLO
1415 Mallers Building, Chicago, Ill. 366 Fifth Avenue, New York City
INCREASE YOUR INCOME

DESTROY HAIR
and Roots on Face or Body Permanently with
ZIP
IT'S OFF because IT'S OUT
To dissolve only the surface hair is useless because heavier growths result. ZIP is totally unlike caustics, powders and solvents, which merely burn off the surface hair, leaving the roots to thrive.
One application of ZIP will instantly remove all undesirable hair without pain. Harmless.
Ask your dealer or write for FREE illustrated Booklet: "A Talk on Superfluous Hair." Call at office to have FREE DEMONSTRATION.
Madame Berthe, Specialist, Dept. 5, 12 West 40th St., New York City.

Tanforan
The New Beauty Treatment for the Hands
Beautiful Hands! Satin smooth and white as pearls, with the tissues subtly rounded and strengthened—the gift of Tanforan!
This ad is worth money to you. Send it with 16c coins or stamps and receive a regular 25c bottle of Tanforan, tax paid. AM.
Jean Vallée & Cie, New York Office 12 W 42d St.

Don't Send a Penny
This season's most sensational waist model—such a wonderful value that we do not hesitate to send it on simple request without a cent in advance. Send no money. Just your name and address on post card brings this exquisite sheer and beautiful creation for examination, try-on and comparison with silk waists costing nearly twice our low special bargain price. Send today for this
Beautiful Hand-Embroidered Pure Silk Georgette WAIST
This extremely smart and attractive waist is of pure silk georgette, the finest, sheerest, most beautiful fabric imaginable for this purpose. Front is artistically hand-embroidered with pure silk of contrasting color in heavy raised design usually seen only in high priced waists. Note the smart round neck effect with very good looking and stylish hemstitched collar of contrasting silk. Full length sleeves, very latest design tucked cuff. Closes on side with hand-some pearl buttons. Colors, white, flesh, peach or navy blue. Sizes 32 to 46-inch bust.
All the Rage This Season!
Send Now Your name and address on postal (or in letter) brings this splendid bargain—the wonderful waist that every woman wants! No money now. Pay only $4.68 for waist on arrival. Examine and try it on. Compare it with waists selling at from $6.00 to $7.50 and if you are not delighted with the stunning style and exceptional saving, return waist and we will refund your money. Order white by No. B732; flesh by No. B733; peach by No. B734; navy by No. B735, and be sure to state size wanted.
LEONARD-MORTON & CO. Dept. 6564 Chicago

If Your Hair Has Been "Henna'd"
and needs retouching, or if some of the strands are discolored or reddish, you can cover them with
Wm. J. Brandt's EAU de HENNA
WORKS LIKE A CHARM
No pack, no mess. Quick work, no waiting for hours in chair. Just put it on and cover the grey or other color and make it uniform. Blends in perfectly.
Color restorer for grey and bleached hair. Absolutely harmless. Two liquids, one application. Colors: Black, Dark Brown, Medium Brown, Light Brown, Blond, Auburn.
At your dealer or by mail $2.60
HAIR SPECIALTY CO., Dept. D, 24 E. 21st St., New York

My Advice About Washing

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

PROBABLY if I asked any woman the one task most full of drudgery in the home she would say "washing dishes." But I am sure that she would put "washing clothes" as the next job entailing the most drudgery.

I believe that this view is a remnant of the traditional idea of washing on a board. For centuries (ever since Eve washed her fig leaf on a flat stone) women have sought to get clothes clean by the friction method. They have seemed to feel that the more they rubbed the more easily dirt left the clothes.

Another old idea was that one has to do the work in a sloppy, steaming place, that a large quantity of boiling water is required, and that the whole process is unusually "hard."

To-day, however, we are beginning to see an entire revolution in washing methods. We are learning that it is not the rub, but the strength of the soap solution used and the exact steps followed that bring good results. Probably one of the first of these totally different ideas is that it is not necessary to soak clothes over night. A soaking of three or four hours will accomplish all that could be done in an overnight soak.

The second revolutionary idea is that to get clothes clean we do not need boiling water. On the contrary, boiling water sets the dirt, and it is much better to wash in tepid water and then rinse or scald in boiling water, which thus acts as a bleach. Many women may not believe this, but it has been proved by test and experiment.

What is a soap solution? Again the old idea used to be that rubbing with a cake of soap on the garment removed the soil. That is, a friction method was employed. But it has been shown that the efficiency of soap is far greater if the soap is shaved and completely dissolved in water and this solution used in place of cake soap. The reason is quite apparent—all the substances of which the soap is composed are let loose in the water and are thus more active and powerful than when applied in solid form.

It is very easy for any woman to make a soap solution by shaving any good laundry or white soap into about two quarts of water, bringing to the boil and using in this form. To such a solution the desired amount of washing soda, borax or other cleansing agent may be added.

With these revolutionary ideas in mind—namely, no need for long overnight soaking, no need to wash in boiling water and the use of a solution instead of bar soap—washing at once becomes robbed of most of its terrors.

As I have perhaps said before, the three pieces of equipment which every modern home should possess are a washing machine, a vacuum cleaner and a fireless cooker. Probably of all these the washing machine removes the largest amount of drudgery.

As is so well stated in many advertisements, it is possible to have a batch of clothes washing in the machine while the housewife is eating breakfast or doing some other work. At most it requires but three loads to complete the usual family wash. If a swinging or other automatic wringer is used this also removes much of the manual drudgery of wringing by hand or the effort of turning a hand roll wringer.

A short soaking in a soap solution may precede washing in a machine. However, the clothes should be soaked in the machine, as this will save handling from a tub back again. But soaked clothes lessen the strength of the soap solution used for washing, and hence it is preferable not to soak at all, but to drop the clothes quickly into tepid soapsuds and begin washing.

I wonder how many housekeepers know "powdered soap?" This is regular soap pulverized at the factory. It is not in any sense a washing powder, but owing to its being so finely pulverized it is far more effective than the usual bar.

This season delicate crepes and muslins are much used for Summer dresses. They require the most care in laundering. It is a mistake to suppose, however, that all of these dresses need to be dry cleaned at a high cost. By the use of various powdered soaps or flakes of guaranteed purity even such delicate fabrics can be washed safely by the amateur.

There is also a fine art of pressing which every housekeeper can follow if she will. Many a time a dress seems dirty when really it is only mussed, and a pressing will entirely revive it. The use of whiting or French chalk, borax, cornstarch and other dry cleaners may be followed to great advantage with such delicate fabrics.

Peach Desserts

Coupe Melba.

LINE a long-stemmed glass serving cup with sliced ripe peaches. Fill the cup with vanilla ice cream and pour raspberry ice on the cream.

Peach Pie.

SCALD peaches and drain so that skins may be easily removed. Cut into slices and cook until soft in a little water. Sweeten to taste. Cool and pour into baked crust. Cover with sweetened and flavored whipped cream.

Peach and Almond Salad.

BLANCH and shred 1 cup almonds. Slice 5 cups ice-cold peaches and mix with almonds. Serve with cream mayonnaise dressing in heart lettuce leaves. This salad is sometimes garnished with candied or fresh rose petals.

Appetizing Menus for the Week

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast Blackberries, Corn Omelet, Toast, Coffee. *Luncheon* Creamed Asparagus on Toast, Frozen Peaches, Cup Cakes. *Dinner* Mock Sausage, Fried Apples, Scalloped Potatoes, Gingerbread, Whipped Cream, Coffee.	*Breakfast* Sliced Pineapple, Codfish Cakes, Lyonnaise Potatoes, Coffee. *Luncheon* Tomato Soup, Stuffed Eggs, Bread and Butter Sandwiches, Berries. *Dinner* Baked Vegetable Loaf, Savory Sauce, Lemon Sherbet, Sponge Drops.	*Breakfast* Sliced Peaches, Eggs in Shell, Popovers, Coffee. *Luncheon* Corn Chowder, Brown Bread, Lettuce Salad, Apricot Whip. *Dinner* Turkish Pilaf, Fruit Salad, French Dressing, Small Baking Powder Biscuits, Lettuce Salad, Sponge Cake.	*Breakfast* Oatmeal, French Toast, Apple Sauce, Coffee. *Luncheon* Moulded Vegetable Salad, Cooked Dressing, Blackberry Pie. *Dinner* Fried Chicken, Paprika Potatoes, Stewed Corn, Buttered Beets, Vanilla Ice Cream, Cookies.	*Breakfast* Cantaloupe, Minced Chicken on Toast, Oatmeal Cookies, Coffee. *Luncheon* Spinach Souffle, White Sauce, Baked Bananas. *Dinner* Broiled Swordfish, Baked Potatoes, Cucumber Salad, Cottage Pudding with Fruit Sauce.	*Breakfast* Blackberries, Broiled Liver and Bacon, Muffins, Coffee. *Luncheon* Russian Vegetable Salad, Whole Wheat Bread, Iced Cocoa. *Dinner* Casserole of Beef, French Fried Potatoes, Chiffonade Salad, Peach Shortcake.	*Breakfast* Oatmeal, Fruit Muffins, Shirred Eggs, Coffee. *Dinner* Roast Lamb, Mint Sauce, String Beans, Franconia Potatoes, Lettuce Salad, Raspberry Bavarian Cream. *Supper* Potato Salad, Cooked Dressing, Iced Tea.

Sunday American-Examiner Patterns

A PRETTY SUMMER FROCK (3268). The pattern is cut in three sizes: 12, 14 and 16 years. A 14-year size will require 4¾ yards of 36-inch material.

A SIMPLE SHIRT WAIST (3242). The pattern is cut in seven sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size will require 2¾ yards of 27-inch material.

A SPLENDID SKIRT FOR WEARING WITH SEPARATE WAISTS OR AS A SUIT SKIRT (3228). The pattern is cut in seven sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. A 26-inch size will require 4⅜ yards of 44-inch material.

A STYLISH GOWN (3275). It is cut in seven sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size will require 5⅛ yards of 44-inch material.

A POPULAR AND PRACTICAL UNDERGARMENT (3264). The pattern is cut in four sizes: Small, 32-34; medium, 36-38; large, 40-42, and extra large, 44-46 inches bust measure. A medium size will require 3⅞ yards of 36-inch material with 2⅜ yards of flouncing 15 inches wide.

A PRETTY FROCK FOR MOTHER'S GIRL (3273). The pattern is cut in five sizes: 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. A 10-year size will require 2⅛ yards of 27-inch material for the guimpe and 3 yards for the dress.

A COOL, COMFORTABLE APRON (3263). The pattern is cut in four sizes: Small, 32-34; medium, 36-38; large, 40-42, and extra large, 44-46 inches bust measure. A medium size will require 4¾ yards of 36-inch material.

To obtain any one of these desirable patterns fill in the accompanying coupon and mail with 12c in silver for EACH pattern (each number represents one pattern) to

SUNDAY PATTERNS,
P. O. BOX NO. 260,
CITY HALL STATION,
NEW YORK, N. Y.

IMPORTANT.—Be sure to fill in name, address and size.

SUNDAY AMERICAN-EXAMINER PATTERNS.
TWELVE CENTS EACH.

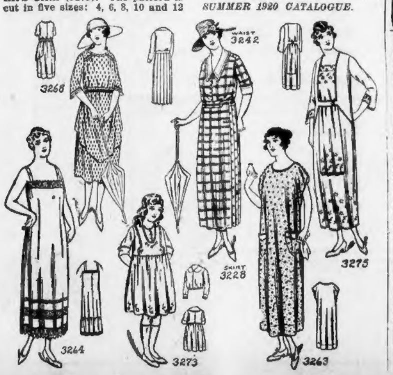
3268......Years	3275......Bust
3242......Bust	3264......Size
3228......Waist	3273......Years
3263......Size	

Name ....

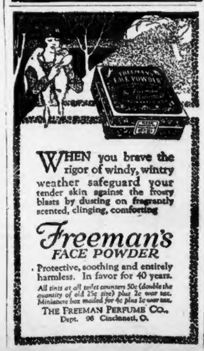
St. and No. ....

City and State ....

Send 10c in silver or stamps for our UP-TO-DATE SPRING AND SUMMER 1920 CATALOGUE.



Maybelline
Darkens Eyebrows and Lashes
Making them appear much longer, thicker and more luxuriant than they really are—easily applied, harmless, shades black, brown.
Lash-Brow-Ine
a pure, harmless cream, applied nightly aids Nature in a marvelous way in nourishing and promoting the growth of the eyebrows and lashes. Dark, luxuriant eyelashes and well-formed eyebrows, how wonderfully they bring out the deep, soulful expression of eyes, adding charm and beauty to any face. These famous Maybell Beauty Aids are used and recommended by Stars of the stage and screen and beautiful women everywhere. Why not you?
"MAYBELLINE" 75c; "LASH-BROW-INE" 50c
AT YOUR DEALER'S or direct from us. To avoid disappointment with imitations always look for "THE MAYBELL GIRL," same as above, on every box of both preparations. We guarantee you will be delighted or refund price. Tear out this ad right now so you will not forget the correct names.
MAYBELL LABORATORIES
4303-47 Grand Boulevard, Chicago


WHEN you brave the rigor of windy, wintry weather safeguard your tender skin against the frosty blasts by dusting on fragrantly scented, clinging, comforting
Freeman's
FACE POWDER
Protective, soothing and entirely harmless. In favor for 40 years.
All tints at all toilet counters 50c (double the quantity of old 25c size) plus 2c war tax. Miniature box mailed for 4c plus 1c war tax.
THE FREEMAN PERFUME CO.,
Dept. 96 Cincinnati, O.

The Way to Make Hair Grow

By Lina Cavalieri,
The Most Famous Living Beauty.

WHEN I find I am not looking so well as usual I study myself carefully in the mirror, seeking for the defect that has somehow marred my appearance.

Then it is that I note my hair is not arranged so prettily nor so becomingly as usual. It does not respond readily to the brush; it lies lifeless under my fingers, and instead of being a live, fluffy, glowing mass it has dimished to a mere wisp.

With this lifeless condition of the hair I have always found two corresponding conditions of the scalp. The scalp is hot and dry. Also, the brushing reveals dandruff—light, fine and profuse. It is a condition that must be corrected.

First remove the dandruff. Hair cannot grow well when that fine, light powder lies upon the scalp, obstructing its pores. To rid one's self of it the hair must be washed not once but often.

I resolve upon washing it every day for a week. I choose the time when I have had my bath. In the water I have dissolved a cake of the best soap I can get. If it is pure castile all the better. I part my hair, dipping a small brush the size of an ordinary toothbrush into the water, and rub the parting vigorously. I part it again and rub that parting, and the next, scrubbing it strenuously with the brush dipped frequently into the soapy water.

When this has been done I empty the bowl, and in a second water, in which the other half of the cake of soap is dissolved, I wash my hair again, but this time rub the scalp not with the brush, but with the fingers. Then I rinse it again and again until the water is as clean as when it runs from the faucet.

Now comes the problem of drying it. The hair that is dried in the hot funnel becomes brittle and cracks. If it is dried by draughts of cold air its owner contracts neuralgia. It should be dried first by a brisk towelling. The towel should be rubbed quickly through the hair and upon the scalp, taking the first dripping stage of moisture from each of them.

The remainder of the drying should be done in the open air if possible. If not, use the heat of the hands. With the tips of the fingers every bit of space on the scalp should be rubbed until dry.

As the scalp dries the hair dries, too. Finally, that the hair may not hang together in matted strands, but stand fluffily, each hair for itself, there should be the last stage of the drying. This is the rubbing of the hair, strand by strand, between the hands.

Dont Send a Penny
Let us send these stunning Hi-Cut Boots before you pay a cent. Just your name and address and size you wear and we will ship them on approval. Such a wonderful bargain you must see them. Latest French last, fine soft black kid finished leather, popular 1 1-4 in. walking heel. Light weight flexible leather soles. Sizes 2 1-2 to 8. Wide widths.
Smartest Style
One of the season's most aristocratic models—the kind you are proud to wear. Compare them with shoes you usually pay twice as much for. Pay our bargain price of 3.98 for shoes on arrival. Try them on. See for yourself their style and quality and how comfortable they are. You are the judge. If not satisfied, send them back and we will refund your money. Order by No. AX1080. Send now. Stock is limited.
LEONARD-MORTON & COMPANY
Dept. [illegible] Chicago
Order by No. AX1080. Be sure to give size wanted. RUSH YOUR ORDER!

LearnPiano
This Interesting Free Book shows how you can become a skilled player of piano or organ at quarter usual cost. It shows why one lesson with an expert is worth a dozen other lessons. Dr. Quinn's famous Written Method includes all of the many important modern improvements in teaching music. Brings right to your home the great advantages of conservatory study. For the beginners or experienced players. Endorsed by great artists. Successful graduates everywhere. Scientific, yet easy to understand. Fully illustrated. All music free. Diplomas granted. Write to-day for free book. Quinn Conservatory, Studio SF, S. G. Columbia Road, Boston, 25, Mass.

The Harmless Way to Use Face Powder.
It is putting powder over face cream that is so bad for the complexion. This foolish method clogs the pores, coarsens the skin, causing enlarged pores and blackheads. A good face cream used properly is an excellent beautifier, but it should be used only at night when retiring. The cream should be thoroughly washed out of the pores of the skin before powder is applied in the morning. The trouble is most powders are made so light they will not stay on except over face cream. But it is now very easy to get a pure, harmless face powder that will stay on by itself, that will stay on until you wash it off. The best pure powder we know of that will really stay on is pure La-may. Every time you use this pure La-may Face Powder you will give your skin a real beauty treatment. It contains an ingredient doctors recommend for the complexion. You can put La-may on as heavily as you like or very lightly, according to how much you wipe it off. If you really value the blessing of a lovely complexion, you will always use this pure La-may. There is a thousand dollar guarantee of purity printed on the box, certifying that it does not contain rice powder, white lead or any harmful substance. Because La-may is so pure and because it stays on perfectly, without the use of a cold cream base, it is now used by over a million American women. When you see how wonderfully this pure, harmless and inexpensive La-may beautifies your complexion, you will understand why it is the most popular beauty powder sold in New York.

Is your skin pale, sallow, lifeless? Begin at once to give it once or twice a week the special steam treatment given below.

The Possibilities in every Woman's Face
THE soft, appealing charm of a fresh, lovely skin—of course you want it. Every girl does. Every girl wants to be attractive, lovable, admired—
You can make your skin so noticeably soft, so exquisitely fresh and clear, that at first glance it will awaken admiration and delight. By studying it—learning its possibilities—then giving it every day the kind of care that suits its particular needs, you, too, can win the charm of "a skin you love to touch."
Is your skin pale, sallow, lifeless? Begin tonight to give it this special steam treatment.
One or two nights a week fill your washbowl full of hot water—almost boiling hot. Bend over the top of the bowl and cover your head and the basin with a heavy bath towel, so that no steam can escape. Steam your face for thirty seconds.
Now lather a hot cloth with Woodbury's Facial Soap. With this, wash your face thoroughly, rubbing the lather well into your skin with an upward and outward motion. Then rinse your face well, first with warm water, then with cold, and finish by rubbing it for thirty seconds with a piece of ice. Dry carefully.
The other nights of the week wash your face thoroughly in the Woodbury way, with Woodbury's Facial Soap and warm water, ending with a dash of cold water.
You will find special treatments for each different skin condition in the little booklet that is wrapped around each cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap. Get a cake today—begin, tonight, the treatment your skin needs. Woodbury's Facial Soap is on sale at all drug stores and toilet goods counters in the United States and Canada. A 25-cent cake lasts for a month or six weeks of any treatment and for general cleansing use.
"Your treatment for one week"
A beautiful little set of Woodbury's skin preparations sent to you for 25 cents.
Send 25 cents for this dainty miniature set of Woodbury's skin preparations, containing your complete Woodbury treatment for one week.
You will find, first the little booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch," telling you the special treatment your skin needs; then a trial size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap—enough for seven nights of any treatment; and samples of Woodbury's Facial Cream, Cold Cream and Facial Powder. Write today for this special new Woodbury outfit. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.
If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.

SHE CHARGED: "Men are too lax in these matters"
HE REPLIED: "I admit it; but have women the right to judge them?"

RECENTLY I published the letter of a woman who had written me protesting against what she called my "unfairness" in setting up a standard for women which I did not seem to apply to men.

"Get after the men," she wrote. "They are the real offenders in these matters. Few women I know need to be told these facts about themselves; but most men I know certainly do."

To this a man now replies: "I must admit the truth of what your correspondent says; most men are too lax in these matters. But after all, have women the right to judge men where so many women fail? Is it not natural we should look to your sex for a standard in such matters? I can well believe that no woman who was conscious of the fact would let perspiration odor or moisture mar her daintiness. But every man knows how many unconscious offenders there are, even among the very nicest women."

Adam-like, the man tries to excuse his sex by blaming Eve. But it will not do. Undoubtedly all women have not yet learned how necessary it is to take precautions against perspiration. But this does not alter nor excuse the fact that men as a whole are much more lax than women in this matter of personal fastidiousness.

An old fault—common to most of us

It is a physiological fact that there are very few persons who are not subject to this odor, though seldom conscious of it themselves. Perspiration under the arms, though more active than elsewhere, does not always produce excessive and noticeable moisture. But the chemicals of the body do cause noticeable odor, more apparent under the arms than in any other place.

The underarms are under very sensitive nervous control. Sudden excitement, embarrassment even, serves as a nervous stimulus sufficient to make perspiration there even more active. The curve of the arm prevents the rapid evaporation of odor or moisture—and the result is that others become aware of this subtle odor at times when we least suspect it.

Well-groomed men and women everywhere are meeting this trying situation with methods that are simple and direct. They have learned that it cannot be neglected any more than any other essential of personal cleanliness. They give it the regular attention that they give to their hair, teeth, or hands. They use Odorono, a toilet lotion specially prepared to correct both perspiration moisture and odor.

Odorono was formulated by a physician who knew the perspiration, because of its peculiar qualities, is beyond the reach of ordinary methods of cleanliness—excessive moisture of the armpits is due to a local weakness.

Odorono is an antiseptic, perfectly harmless. Its regular use gives that absolute assurance of perfect daintiness that women are demanding—that consciousness of perfect grooming so satisfying to men.

It really *corrects* the cause of both the moisture and odor of perspiration.

Make it a regular habit!

Use Odorono regularly, just two or three times a week. At night before retiring, put it on the underarms. Allow it to dry, and then dust on a little talcum. The next morning, bathe the parts with clear water. The underarms will remain sweet and dry and odorless in any weather, in any circumstances! Daily baths do not lessen its effect.

Women who find that their gowns are spoiled by perspiration stain and an odor which dry cleaning will not remove, will find in Odorono complete relief from this distressing and often expensive annoyance.

If you are troubled in any unusual way, or have had any difficulty in finding relief, let us help you solve the problem. Write to-day for our free booklet. You'll find some very interesting information in it about all perspiration troubles! Address Ruth Miller, The Odorono Co., 50 Blair Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio. Men will be interested in reading our booklet, "The Assurance of Perfect Grooming."

At all toilet counters in the United States and Canada, 35c, 60c and $1.00. By mail, postpaid, if your dealer hasn't it.

TO remove hair correctly, pleasantly and harmlessly, The Odorono Company's Depilatory has been perfected. Now women of delicacy can avoid the masculine method—from which they have instinctively shrunk! This new depilatory leaves the underarm as smooth and soft and fair as one's cheek—and is odorless, except for a slight fragrance of almonds!

Your favorite toilet counter should be able to supply you at $1.00 a package (which includes mixing things). If not, use coupon below.

Address mail orders or request as follows: For Canada to The Arthur Sales Co., 61 Adelaide St., East, Toronto, Ont. For France to The Agencie Americaine, 38 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris. For Switzerland to The Agencie Americaine, 17 Boulevard Helvetique, Geneve. For England to The American Drug Supply Co., 6 Northumberland Ave., London, W. C. 2. For Mexico to H. E. Gerber & Cia., 2a Gante, 19, Mexico City.

For U. S. A. to

THE ODORONO COMPANY,
50 Blair Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!

Samples of these toilet necessities sent to you immediately!

The Odorono Company,
50 Blair Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

I am enclosing

☐ 6c for sample of Odorono.
☐ 6c for sample of Odorono After Cream.
☐ 6c for sample of The Odorono Company's Depilatory.
or
☐ 14c for package containing samples of all three products above.

Name .... City ....
Street No. .... State ....